APPENDIX

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME

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ART. I.—*Voyage dans les quatre principales Isles, &c.*

Travels in the four principal Islands of the African Seas, undertaken by order of the French Government in the VIIIth and IXth Years of the Republic (1801 *and* 1802). *By B. G. M. Bory de St. Vincent, Officer of the Staff, Chief Naturalist on board the Corvette 'the Naturalist,' in the Expedition of Discovery. With a Collection of fifty-eight Plates, from Designs taken on the Spot by the Author.* 3 *Vols.* 8*vo.* Paris. 1804. Imported by De Conchy.

THE age of geographical discoveries seems fast approaching to a close. Already all the considerable points have been completely ascertained. There are certainly no new continents to explore; and the utmost by which the vanity of a navigator can hope to illustrate his name, is the discovery of some petty islets in the vast spaces of the Pacific and Southern oceans. If we except the impenetrable regions around the poles, almost every part of the aqueous surface of our globe has been traversed. What still remains to be done for completing our knowledge of the earth, is more entitled to the name of topography than geography. To ascertain the position and bearings of capes, inlets, harbours, and coasts, is still an object of immense practical utility. But though we may be thus said to be tolerably well acquainted with the great and striking features of the globe which we inhabit, there remain other points not so well known, yet of great interest and curiosity. Innumerable animal, vegetable, and mineral bodies, are every where distributed. The observation of these, and the discovery of new genera and species, form an important object of scientific research.

Animated by the brilliant success of maritime expeditions sent out by this country, the nations on the continent have eagerly rushed to share the advantages and the honour. But, from the causes now detailed, it is clear that the chance of success has progressively diminished. The French governments have, at different times, fitted out expeditions of this kind; and Bonaparte, soon after his accession to consular authority, dispatched two corvettes, the Naturaliste and the Geographe, with an equipment of stores, instruments, and *savans*, for the purpose of exploring regions hitherto not perfectly investigated. It will be seen, however, that, whether from the parsimony of the government, or the depredations of its agents, the expedition was in no very enviable state. Only six months provisions were laid in for the use of the learned men; at the end of which period they were unexpectedly called upon, in a foreign country, to provide for themselves. Baudin, the commodore, moreover, seems to have felt very little enthusiasm for science, and none at all for the scientific men, whom he treated with very little ceremony, and commonly styled 'les savans inutiles dont l'Institut avoit surchargé l'expédition.' This man commanded at one time a merchant vessel, and seems to have brought the ideas of his old trade into his new one. The British navy would have felt such an appointment an insult.

M. Bory, the author of these volumes, is of the military profession. He quitted the army of the west, through love of the sciences, to accompany this expedition. The corvettes sailed from Havre-de-Grace on the 26th Vendemaire, (1801) and arrived at Teneriffe without meeting any thing very remarkable, except that the national feelings of M. Bory seem to have been rather discomposed by the presumption of the captain of a British frigate, who was unpolite enough to inspect their passports.

On their arrival at Teneriffe, our author began, with enthusiasm, his botanical and zoological examination; in which he had considerable success. Most of the animal and vegetable productions of that island are, however, well known, and already described. But M. Bory has been able to render his descriptions interesting to the lover of natural science, by uniting the precision of the Linnæan language with the more attractive details of the habits and economy of the objects of his researches. He observes the small pretensions which the Canaries have to the appellation of 'the Fortunate Islands;' and cannot refrain from guessing whether these islands are not the remnants of a powerful country, and the ancient witnesses of the glory of a fortunate people, whose name we hardly (very hardly!) know, and of a people who cultivated

the arts and sciences before the time when the history of men places the commencement of the world. With such reveries is the gravity of the reader not unfrequently disturbed, and his attention distracted from the pleasing consideration of the vegetable productions of nature, to the contemplation of the idle dreams of M. Bory's imagination.

M. Bory is ever referring, in this part of his work, to his 'Essais sur les Canaries,' from which we are favoured with long quotations, not always of the most exhilarating nature. He informs us that of sixty thousand inhabitants in Teneriffe, three thousand are religious; and that Spain, unfortunate in almost all her measures, has rendered these islands a source of expenditure instead of revenue. The commodore, it appears, did not afford all the facilities proper to enable M. Bory to render his botanical researches complete. This navigator could not be persuaded that there could be any thing worth looking at in a place so well known as Teneriffe.

After a short stay they left Teneriffe, on their way to the Isle de France. No other source of amusement or observation was afforded in this course, but the inhabitants of the air and ocean; and of them M. Bory has given many entertaining particulars, which serve to fill up the interval sufficiently agreeably. He observed, and has described, a fish which he attributed to a new genus, under the name of 'acinacea notha.' In general, the zoological and botanical remarks are sensible and accurate; and they will be perused with pleasure and advantage by the scientific enquirer. But the author will probably be most successful in occupying the attention of his readers by the numerous details which he delights to give, of the circumstances in which he actually observed the animal and vegetable bodies. The flying-fish, the porpoise, the dolphin, are successively exhibited. Now the air affords a bird which fatigue compels to alight upon the vessel; and now the sea yields up some of its finny or vermicular tribes, to fill a new niche in the temple of science. If M. Bory does not write with uncommon force of language, he at least possesses a natural and lively style. Sometimes he amuses us with excessively true remarks; as when he observes that probably birds of passage can live a certain time without eating. But in general we cannot complain of the *truth* of his theoretic notions.

At page 107 begins a dissertation upon the phosphoric light of the ocean. M. Bory conceives that the catching of one of the mollusca entitles him to endeavour to explain this phenomenon, which so many have endeavoured to do before him. It does not appear, however, that he has succeeded better than his predecessors. It is known that the ocean is inha-

bited by millions of animals of the gelatinous kind, and from various magnitudes to extreme minuteness. These creatures shine in the dark with a phosphoric light, and undoubtedly contribute to the nocturnal illumination of the sea.—Another source of light is known to the poets, as well as the philosophers and cooks, of the age:

'Thus I have seen, in larder dark,
Of veal a sparkling loin,
As sage philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.'

It cannot be doubted that immense quantities of animal matter are constantly in the act of putrefaction in the water of the ocean: if these sources be not sufficient to account for the light in question, the reader is at liberty to imagine any others of an electric nature that he chooses. But M. Bory de St. Vincent has added a number of conjectures, of which we would rather admit the ingenuity than the truth. He observes that this phosphorescence might, perhaps, be the signal of love from the male to the female sea-blubbers, if, unluckily, they were not monoical. This hint would have been worth forty lines of poetry to Dr. Darwin, but is now doomed to wither in the pages of M. Bory and his reviewers. He puts us in pain for the personal safety of the ill-fated mollusca, by suggesting the risk they run in thus hanging out lights to expose themselves to the jaws of their voracious enemies; and their extreme folly in doing this, especially in the face of danger; for they do not shine brightly unless when the water is agitated. 'This conduct,' M. Bory remarks 'is far from the feeling of weakness and timidity of a helpless creature; but as these vermes are supposed to be poisonous, that circumstance may account for their boldness.'

Treating of this subject, our author cannot refrain from alluding to the cause of the saltness of the ocean. He is willing to attribute this, as well as its bitterness, its mucosity, and its phosphorescence, to the dissolved and putrefying particles of disorganised animal and vegetable matter. He supposes that, from evaporation and other causes, these qualities of the ocean ought to increase from day to day, while the bulk of its waters correspondently diminishes; yet the well-attested experience of two thousand years ought, in this case, to have brought some evidence in support of M. Bory's hypothesis. The concluding remark on this subject, that 'these are the ideas suggested by the first view of the phenomena,' and that our author 'does not propose to decide the question,' seems to us full as likely to meet with the approbation of the reader, as his preceding speculations.

After a voyage in which a storm and attacks of sea-sickness make the principal figure, the expedition arrived at the Isle de France. Their vexations were not, however, yet at an end. Notwithstanding M. Bory's extreme eagerness to land, they were obliged to wait for the permission of the officers of health. Those precautions which in other places are taken to prevent the introduction of the plague and pestilential fevers, are here practised with scrupulous care against the variolous contagion. It is very justly observed, that 'all this trouble might be much better employed in the inoculation of the small or cow-pox.' It is remarked by how many invisible channels this subtle poison might penetrate within the limits of the island; and to these is added, with an illiberality of taste truly characteristic of the French, the possibility of the infection being brought back by 'a barbarous speculation of a hostile power capable of every thing.' We ought to have said the *impossibility*: our 'barbarous' nation has yet disdained the degrading expedients of their neighbours; they have yet left to the French emperor and his agents the use of the dagger, the bow-string, the bowl, and the fusilade.

At this island the expedition was disorganised. The commodore appears to have treated the *savans* very unhandsomely. He seems to have attended more to the speculations of commerce than of science. Be the cause what it will, the learned men found themselves suddenly in a strange country without any adequate provision. They dispersed themselves in various directions. Some, who could do no better, sailed again with Baudin: others, among whom was our author, remained in the island. We thus lose sight of the expedition, and attend M. Bory in his private excursions. He proceeded to survey the country; which afforded many plants and animals, of which he treats ably and amusingly. Every where he finds traces of lava, and eruptions of volcanoes. The very age of the world is questioned by this disciple of Brydone, upon the evidence of the many strata of decomposed lava. Indeed we have learned, at last, to doubt the constant presence of lava where he thinks he finds it. A man is, unluckily, apt to get a habit of seeing volcanoes, and the action of fire; and nothing will afterwards drive them out of his head. Whether M. Bory is affected by this disease, we cannot decide; but we grievously suspect him at times, though undoubtedly he must have frequently seen volcanic products. In his search for plants in the Mauritius, he was particularly struck with the 'polypodium arboreum,' a fern of twenty-five feet high, which grew in great beauty. We really wish M. Bory had only written his observations on zoology and botany; in them

he is generally successful,—but he will not be satisfied without explaining every thing around him.

We have derived much amusement from the perusal of his accounts of the manners of various animals. We have the following circumstances of the 'blatta Americana,' or 'kakerlat,' as M. Bory chooses to call it, who never fails to prefer a local or barbarous name to the Linnæan one.

'The kakerlat, or kancrelat is, perhaps, the greatest pest of the Isles of France and Bourbon. It has been carried from America over all the world. They who have been in warm countries, know how tormenting these animals are, and how extremely numerous they become on shipboard.

'The kakerlat has, it is said, a terrible enemy in the green fly, or sphex lobata, which is of a superb metallic colour, and of a form as elegant as that of the former is vile; to which it adds an amazing freshness and vivacity. When one is lucky enough to observe it, it is always seen in motion; or, if it reposes itself, its antennæ or its wings are still tossed about.

'When it wishes to deposit its eggs, it seeks out a large kakerlat, around which it gesticulates, if one may so speak, till the animal, fatigued and confounded by the continual motion, becomes stupified, when it darts down upon the kakerlat, attacks it, and plunges its sting repeatedly into the large belly of its vanquished foe. It drags it then, by its long antennæ, into a hole previously prepared; places its eggs in the stranger flanks of the kakerlat; closes with a cement, which it knows how to prepare, the orifice of the little cavity; and abandons its victim to the voracity of its progeny, who soon develope themselves.

'It is truly unfortunate that this war between the green flies and the kakerlat is not more destructive; and that the former are not able to extirpate these animals, disagreeable by their disgusting odour, by their importunity, and by the mischief which they cause. They eat every thing: the leather of boots and shoes, paper, meat, candles, &c. The binding of books is not safe from their jaws, and the greatest precautions are scarcely sufficient to preserve a library at the Isle of France. A kakerlat had devoured all the surface of a little tablet of cinnabar, which I had left moist upon the table where I painted. Next day, the same animal having escaped from between the leaves of the manuscript of the Voyage which I was writing, I crushed it by a blow of a ruler; and beheld, to my great astonishment, spout out upon the paper a most beautiful colour, approaching to carmine, which remained a long time without losing any thing of its brightness, and without being altered with water.'

Of another insect, the 'thermes destructor, or karia,' an amusing anecdote is given:

'The karia is less than the thermes of Africa (so celebrated for the habitations which it constructs for itself), but it is not less for-

midable. The finest trees, and the carpenter's work, are frequently destroyed in a very short time by the voracious karias. It is related upon this subject, that an intendant of the country, not knowing very well how to account for a considerable deficiency of masts in the royal magazines, entered these masts which were missing as so many "masts unfitted for service by the karias." The minister was not the dupe of this story; but he forgave the intendant, and contented himself with sending him a chest of files (for which he had not asked),—ordering him to use them to file off the teeth of the karias, the havock committed by which the government was no longer able to afford.'

Before M. Bory left the Isle of France, an English squadron, under commodore Elphinstone, blockaded the island for some time. Our author offered his services; he was employed, and afterwards sent to Bourbon. He assures us that the geology of this island is very curious. He finds every where traces of volcanoes; and, luckily for our faith, one is still burning. The island is extremely high, and rises every where from the shore. Various protuberances cover this vast mass: which, our author is tempted to believe, either sprung from the bosom of the deep, or was formed by successive layers of lava poured from the two fires of the island, or is only the remnant of larger tracts created and destroyed by volcanoes. The reader may, perhaps, discover great ingenuity in these conjectures; but they are nothing to what we meet with at page 250, where M. Bory announces a great discovery. This is nothing less than that in what he calls 'the physiognomy of this country', he has found a great resemblance to the disc of the moon. This similitude, it seems, consists in numerous waters, mountainous ridges, vast currents of lava which reflect no light, and other mineralogical casualties. We are afraid this comparison is somewhat in Fluellin's style; and an unlucky observation might have extended the likeness to one point more, not so soothing to M. Bory's fancy,—have suggested the possibility that Bourbon may communicate to those who alight upon it some of those mental qualities which the moon is reported to do.

Our author remainded a considerable time in Bourbon, which name the imperial soldier of Napoleon is not afraid to retain. He traversed it in every direction, and his narrative of the journeys is almost always entertaining. At the end of the first volume a catalogue of the plants and animals which he observed, extending to thirty-five pages, testifies the ardour and diligence of his researches. We do not pretend to enumerate all, or even part, of these. The names of those genera and species which he considers as new, would tend little to the edification or instruction of our readers. With-

out the descriptions, the names are no better than empty sounds; while of the descriptions it is wholly impossible to form a fair or precise judgment, without the inspection of specimens. But we must remind our readers of the fall of many of the new plants and animals proposed by a former naturalist of the same country, which the accuracy and intelligence of the French metropolis speedily reduced to already-known species. In fact, our Gallic neighbours, with undoubted talents and genius, possess a mischievous vanity, and a petulant vivacity, which the utmost care can hardly guard from error. To have the pleasure of announcing the discovery of an unknown vegetable or insect, a Frenchman will frequently sacrifice some portion of accuracy. But there is no such thing as his resisting the delight of expounding a new theory, nor are many things so seducing to his imagination as the enviable character of the sagacious generaliser.

M. de St. Vincent appears to have bestowed the greater part of his time and attention upon the island of Bourbon, which indeed seems well deserving of the examination it received. His narratives of his various expeditions through the interior of the country, will frequently interest the general reader who seeks for amusing details, as well as the philosopher who is not to be satisfied without basalts, lavas, rare plants, or undescribed animals. He engages our attention to his account of M. Poisne, who first introduced the culture of the clove and the nutmeg. We are presented with a melting letter from the widow of the gentleman, and an account of a fête in honour of his memory, the relation of which, we are assured, drew tears from the whole academy of Lyons. Our northern hardness of fibre perhaps saved us from a similar discharge.

M. Hubert, an inhabitant of this island, paid great attention to our author, and appears to have been an ingenious and scientific man. Under this head, we observe some remarkable facts stated of the 'arum cordifolium.' Madame Hubert, the aged mother of M. Hubert, being blind, was attracted one day by the smell of the flowers of this plant. Being, like most other old and blind women, very inquisitive, she expressed a desire to touch the blossoms, the fragrance of which had delighted her nostrils. Some of the flowers being brought, she was struck with their warmth. Her son, hearing of this, examined them, and found this to be the fact. Those which were developed during the night, chiefly shewed this increase of temperature, which was greatest at sunrise. We subjoin an extract of one of his experiments:—A thermometer was surrounded by several spadices before sun-rise, and another was kept for a standard of comparison.

Time.	Therm. in Spadix.		Therm. of Comparison in open air.	
	in Centigrade.	Fahren.	Centi.	Fahr.
Six A. M.	44°	111° 2	19°	66° 2
Eight A. M.	42°	107° 6	21°	69° 8
Nine P. M.	28°	82° 4	21 *	69 8

Several fine spadices tied round the bulb and stem of the thermometer raised it to 45°, and twelve spadices together to 49°. M. Hubert found three of these spadices to discharge a cubic inch of water under a glass in twenty-four hours. These effects took place as well in the dark as in the light. Immersion in cold water, spirits of wine, vinegar, and ether, suspends this process for a time. When the spadix is besmeared with oil, the heat immediately begins to diminish. Our limits do not permit us to enter into many minute details. The heat, in our opinion, arises from the action of the plant upon the air, and from the changes produced by the living principle upon the juices, in a way similar to the production of animal heat. It appears indeed by extracts which we have not detailed, that the abstraction of fresh air always impedes the elicitation of caloric. M. Lamark in the year 1777 had noticed a circumstance in the 'arum Italicum', and suggested the probability of the fact being more general. The approbation which we have willingly bestowed upon these experiments, we are unable always to concede to the deductions from them. It is indeed seldom that we can long follow M. Bory without being startled at some one or other of his general observations. In one place it is stated that these researches may chance to interest those philosophers who think life to be only a necessary faculty which results from the exercise of organs. This is certainly very profound, and most probably conceals something yet more so, either of which if our reader can comprehend, he is more fortunate than we have been. Upon the whole, however, this is one of the best and most interesting parts of M. Bory's work.

We cannot follow our author through all his perambulations, though we can assure our readers that amusement would be accompanied by instruction in most parts of such a course. We pass many particulars till the journey which M. Bory undertook to the crater of the volcano. To this elevation he ascended by an unusual route, much against the will and ad-

* We have supposed M. Hubert to use the centigrade thermometer.

vice of his friends. The difficulties indeed appear to have been considerable, and to have required great ardour and perseverance to overcome. To these physical disadvantages were added the superstitious terrors of the negroes, who in vain assured our sceptical author that they had learned from many old natives of the island, that the volcano was the patrimony of the devil, and the mouth of hell: that to white men it was peculiarly dangerous, since *they* never returned, the demons reducing them to slavery and employing them to dig in the mountain, to direct the course of currents of lava, and to throw fuel on the fires, under the orders of negroes who were not more sparing of lashes than the whites are to their slaves. They even assured our author that they had themselves seen afar off troops of whites employed in this manner. In spite of all these obstacles however they proceeded.

As usual, the journal of this expedition is agreeably diversified, like the face of nature itself; which delights us with the verdure and the beauty of its vegetable covering, the strangeness or the rarity of its animal progeny, and the grandeur and sublimity of its larger features. As our author proceeds to ascend the mountain, he has bestowed in profusion the gift of names upon the hills, the points, the crater of the volcano. We have the Piton Tanjas, the point Jouvancourt, with numerous others, not forgetting the crater Bory, to which our author though with decent humility has permitted the honour of bearing his own name. He mentions a flow of lava in 1787, which arrived at the sea in a week, a distance of near four thousand toises. This current was eight hundred toises broad, from four to ten deep, so that the solid contents of this stream were estimated at 11,700,000 cubic toises which had in this short space issued from the bosom of the mountain. We have here an account of a curious volcanic substance. Vol. II. p. 221.

'I met here frequently a singular volcanic production dispersed among the scoria; this was a kind of balls, of which the largest did not exceed a foot in diameter, and which appeared to me very different from the volcanic balls hitherto described. Some of these are of the size of an egg: all are formed by an exterior crust which, according to the volume of the ball, is more or less than an inch thick. This crust is sufficiently compact, and encloses porous lavas, irregularly scorified with occasional cavities. The exterior surface of the crust is pretty uniform; but there are sometimes fissures filled up with a white substance stony and solid, and even projecting. The whole ball is generally surrounded by graton (another volcanic production), which does not adhere closely to it. When it is the same lava loaded with chrysolites which has formed the graton, the compact layer in the inside includes for the

most part moisture. It is even common to find water in these cavities, though externally the lava appear altogether dry.'

The fatigues of the ascent progressively increased. The hardness and inequality of the ground, the coldness of the night air, and the scarcity of water, united to harrass them. The unfortunate negroes whom no love of science tempted to these heights, and whose fibre was ill trained to bear the sharp frost of an elevated region, almost sunk under the fatigue. Part of their distresses was relieved by their arriving at one of those yellow veins of lava which are frequently to be discerned on volcanoes from the lower ground. The surface of this was solid and tolerably smooth, and formed frequently into fantastic shapes, which M. Bory describes as sometimes menacing him with a front armed with formidable horns, putting on the appearance which painters have given to sea-monsters, or sporting in a thousand forms, the similitudes of various objects of nature and of art. M. Bory will have it that the fictitious account of the dragon is no more than an allegorical representation, of which the form is derived from these extraordinary contortions of lava, and the power, the wide throat, the flaming and sulphureous breath, and the dismal groanings, from the stupendous phenomena of the volcanoes. All our globe, he asserts, is covered with traces of volcanic revolutions; and history has preserved, M. Bory best knows where, the remembrance of the most dreadful of volcanic earthquakes, which has blotted from the face of nature a country as large as Asia and Africa. All this absurd flight has been introduced to account for the necessity of inventing a great image to express this tremendous power, to call from the airy world a fire-vomiting animal as swift as the lightning, and more terrible than the thunder. This ingenious emblem, he declares, is to be found among all ancient people, from the Chinese and Indians, to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Peruvians.

At last M. Bory arrived at the central crater, which he named after Dolomieu, and he had an opportunity of observing the interior, with the appearance of which he was highly astonished. We are compelled to refer to the work itself for more minute particulars. Our author notices the flames thrown out to be very small and transitory, rarely exceeding three feet in height, and eclipsed by the superior brightness of the light from the fused matter. He concludes that these are the only flames produced by volcanoes, and that what are commonly so called are only ardent vapours. We are at a loss how to coincide with this opinion. It does not appear that vapours can be heated to the shining point. Every experiment shows the impossibility of doing so. But liquid lava may be reason-

ably allowed to shine: we actually know that it does, and we are disposed to attribute what are usually called flames to the light emitted from the melted substances, and refracted and reflected in various directions by the dense vapours by which they are covered.

M. Bory takes this occasion to combat Buffon's opinion, that the fire of volcanoes is situated near the summit of the volcanic mountains. In this he has some success. It appears that though the pressure of rarified matter deep in the earth would not naturally force a way at the very summit of a mountain, a volcano may either commence at the top and descend, or the mountain may arise from the volcano. Earthquakes, eruptions of lava near the level of the ocean, and caverns of little elevation communicating with the internal fire, show that the source of the mountain is deep. Yet we can by no means consent to accompany M. Bory to those profound abysses from which he would derive volcanoes. Without any sort of proof, he descends to these hidden regions, brings torrents of lava through every obstacle, penetrates imaginary zones of chrysolite, and performs all manner of extraordinary work, as far as it suits a theory which we have yet to consider.

There is a singular kind of rampart round the volcano of Bourbon of great extent, of which there is a curious account. It is termed the Enclos, and is conceived by M. Bory to resemble greatly the crater of an immense volcano. This mountain is very active, and on some occasions causes great alarms to the inhabitants. Once it was so outrageous that M. Kriaise, a priest, was detached at the head of the Creoles to conjure it to be more quiet, but with very little success, as might be easily conceived. This procession however served to confirm the opinion of the power of the devil over the mountain; for the priest pronounced his anathema from the top of a large stone, and the succeeding eruptions of lava have chanced to spare this sacred relict. In many places the lava has flowed over trees, consuming them entirely or converting them to charcoal, which afterwards decaying, leaves large holes distinctly marked with the bark and smallest knots of the trees. At page 278 we meet with the observation that lava does not smoke but at the moment of congelation, which seems very surprising. At page 290 we have an account of a current of lava flowing into the ocean. A little farther on are some remarks on the 'didus ineptus, or droute,' a large bird of the islands of France and Bourbon, which is now extinct. A similar animal has been reported to have been seen in the Isle de Rodrigue, but of a more perfect conformation. M. Bory's most untenable theory of this is, that Rodrigue being older land than Bourbon, ought to present species of animals more perfect, the new soil not

having had time to finish the formation of complete creatures. This is all so absurd, that we should be at a loss what part to attack first. It is no better than a revival of the doctrine of equivocal generation, only so much more extravagant as the animals attempted to be formed are more perfect. We have often heard of this way of peopling the world, but never could find one of its advocates who could give any intelligible account of the process. In fact, when once a man sets about creating animals, he may be safely said to have lost sight not of philosophy only, but of common sense.

At page 388 a singular circumstance is related of the palm trees in Bourbon. When the air is perfectly calm the leaves of these trees are uniformly directed towards the centre of the island. M. Bory, who is sure to account for every phenomenon either right or wrong, very gravely supposed this to arise from the attraction of the central mountains. If the observation be really just, it is very curious, and in a great measure unaccountable. But to our ideas the supposition of attraction causing such an inclination of the leaves, is altogether improbable. In this part of the work are many valuable observations upon basalt. Unhappily, however, our author, biassed by his theory, talks of basalt, trap, and trappean lava, in such terms, that it is frequently impossible to say what he means. The confusion of basalts and lavas has already done much mischief in geology, and seems, from the specimen before us, not yet to have completed its work. M. Bory is, as we have before remarked, a very fiery philosopher, and sees nothing without marks of fusion. On this, however, we are obliged slightly to touch, and to pass over many other parts of the work, which we are strongly inclined to discuss. In the third volume he gives an account of a second journey to the top of the volcano, which is in every respect worthy of attention. This also we can only recommend in general terms, and proceed to Chap. xxii. This may be regarded as the focus of M. Bory's book. In it are concentrated all the pith of his observations, and the very quintessence of his hypotheses. Mounted on the pinnacle of the volcanic hills, he casts his eyes, like Jupiter in a thunderstorm, on the scene below, to look where he would strike. His ideas, he assures us, waxed grand. In the midst of volcanic ruins he resolved to account for every thing around him. The disorder of nature fatigued his spirit, it is true, but did not restrain it from exertion. In these scenes, and with these feelings, he theorised on the formation of the world, and was tempted, as he honestly tells us, to consider himself as a being of a superior nature.

To explain the formation of Bourbon, M. Bory thinks it

necessary to advert to the origin of our whole planet: to use his own words, he professes to carry the torch of observation from the bottom of the abysses to the crusty tops of mountains; and to perform several similar exploits, which will probably be found considerably more easy in theory than in practice. He guesses that our globe, after it was formed, long nourished no animals but those of the ocean, or at least only gigantic creatures whose race is now extinct, because our aged planet has failed in its powers of perpetuating them. Why will he not allow these animals to become extinct by the same process which has extirpated from our island the wild ox and the wolf? 'These races,' he adds, 'have made way for more feeble generations, whose sad fate it is to attest the perishable nature of the globe.' He asserts, what the Huttonians will not readily concede, that no remains of living matter are to be found in primitive hills. In the face of all facts, he denies the stratification of these hills in many instances. We think the very reverse of his opinions can be solidly sustained: that the primitive hills are stratified; that they shew strong marks of their formation by water; and sometimes, though rarely, contain animal remains. He allows, indeed, the sea to have washed the tops of the highest hills; and he supposes the inhabitants of the water to have preceded those of the dry land. All this however is pure hypothesis; and he has still to raise the mountains and plains of our globe, or to remove the ocean that covered them: and to perform the yet harder task of peopling the new earth with its endless races of animals, and to clothe its naked surface with the luxuriancy and verdure of the vegetable creation.

Our author seems disposed to adopt the idea of Buffon, that the earth is a fragment struck off the sun, which retained a great deal of heat, but was not actually fused. He procures an atmosphere for this new globe from some stray comet which passes at the necessary moment. From this atmosphere the waters of the ocean are precipitated during the cooling of the planet. This he calls the second epoch of the globe. In these waters many beings lived, heaven knows how produced, and began to accumulate themselves, and to increase the solid contents of the earth. The sea then was, we are told, the atmosphere, especially for fishes, who bore the same relation to creatures at the bottom of the deep as birds do to land animals. This, if it has any meaning at all, is equally true now, as it ever was before. Now comes the third epoch; when the water, finding its way through fissures in the external crust of the globe, carried along with it calcareous principles, and facilitated a general fusion of this incandescent centre of the

earth, while the vapours formed earthquakes and explosions which raised the summits of the primitive mountains above the surface of the ocean. M. Bory, with some reason, here entreats his reader not to regard all this as the dream of a traveller mounted on the top of a hill, abandoning himself to the feelings suggested by his elevated situation. But how this theory is to be reconciled with the stratification of some of the primary mountains, with the phenomena of slate, schistus, &c. we are yet to learn. He remarks, that in the old continents the chains of mountains run from east to west, but in the new from north to south, which he seems to think a proof of his theory. But it is not easy to imagine how eruptions produced as he conceives, would have any thing at all regular in their operation. Nor is it more easy to reconcile this theory with the phenomena of the secondary strata, which contain remains of land animals, and very frequently of land vegetables: and if these be allowed by him to arise in any way from previously formed land, this turns out to be no better than a bad modification of the Huttonian doctrine.

Trap, basalt, granite, and whatever else cannot be accounted for otherwise, M. Bory boldly fetches from the centre of the earth, which he holds to be extremely hot. 'Thus,' says he, 'by a subterranean fire which realises the Tartarus of antiquity, it is that substances which perhaps emanated from the sun have been restored to the influence of his rays, and drawn from shades where they seemed to have been plunged for ever!' Descending from this strain of sublimity, he expresses a Whistonian terror that the sea is too probably diminishing, and will finally disappear, leaving the globe to be burnt to ashes by its central fire. The considerable experience of some thousand years might serve to convince most sober-minded men, that we are safe from this fate. The moon, M. Bory affirms, has already suffered all this. That satellite is, according to him, a frightful mass of crater and rocks, where volcanoes have destroyed every thing and dried up the seas, which accidents must have happened sooner in the moon than on the earth, from their proportional masses: though one would think that if the mass were less, the central fire would be less too. In all this, which is as wild and extravagant as can well be conceived, there are no difficulties made in disposing of the waters of the sea. It may be allowed to convert them into vapour, but what is to prevent the condensation of this vapour again? We cannot spare room to enter into further details of the theory, though in this chapter are to be found many rare specimens of cosmogonical invention. We commit them to the mercy of the reader.

At page 169 we find another strange allusion to the *didus*

ineptus, which is here styled 'the fruit of the inexperience of a land in too great a haste to produce, and which had not bestowed on this bird a more determined form, than on the vegetables of its forests and the mollusca of its waters.'

After a long residence in Bourbon, M. Bory at last left that island to return home. He was detained, however, three months at the Mauritius. He intended to have visited at this time the Sechelles and perhaps Madagascar. We regret that he was prevented by the sailing of the ship in which he was to proceed to Europe. Before his departure he enters into some political considerations on the Indies, which do not appear to us to be better founded than his other discussions: we forbear to make any remarks upon this subject. On his voyage he continued to prosecute with success his zoological enquiries. He mentions a species of the physalia, which when rubbed on the navel produces violent laughter. M. Bory conjectures that this may be the Sardonic grin: we hope the publication of his work has not procured him any practical illustration of his doubts.

He arrived safely at St. Helena, which is the fourth and last principal island of the African sea. We mention this because no person without such information could possibly have imagined that Teneriffe, Mauritius, Bourbon, and St. Helena, held so high a rank. Upon the last of these islands very little is said. M. Bory was not permitted to go through the country. By the help of a good sight, however, (if our author had been a Scotchman, we might have thought of the second-sight,) he concluded the whole to be as usual of volcanic origin. He was hospitably treated by the governor, of the charms of whose daughters he seems to have had a due sense. It is highly edifying to observe with what care he composed his face to the due quantum of respect to that gentleman, and how seriously cautious he was to appear neither too humble nor yet too haughty for the glory of his country. None but a Frenchman would have thought himself of such importance in such a situation.

At the end of the third volume is a letter from M. Hubert, concerning an eruption of the volcano of Bourbon. M. Bory concluded his voyage by a safe return to France. To the whole is added a very good index, by which a ready reference may be had to any part of the work.

With regard to the general merits of this performance, we are happy to be able to pronounce rather a favourable verdict. It abounds with curious observation, and amusing detail. If our love of science will not permit us to coincide with the visionary doctrines which it contains, it will be remembered that our censures have been limited, but our commendation con-

siderable. Whether any political views suggested this expedition, or what these were, we feel ourselves incompetent to decide. The eye of suspicion is naturally fixed upon every movement of the French government, which we have been accustomed to consider as concealing hostile approaches under the mask of renewed friendship. But there are no grounds in this work for such inferences; nor is any account there given of the occurrences of Baudin's voyage after his departure from the Mauritius.

ART. II.—*Polens Staatsveränderungan und letzte Verfassung von F. J. Jekal, LL. D.*

The Revolutions and last Constitution of Poland, by F. J. Jekal, LL. D. 8vo. Vienna, 1804.

THE first part of this work is the same as in the edition published in the year 1794; the second and third parts are entirely new, and relate to very important questions. What have Poland and Galicia gained by their subjection to Austria, and by the laws and administration introduced by the Austrian government? In the second part this question is considered as to the religion; in the third as to the situation of the noblesse, the bourgeois, and the peasantry. A fourth part is promised, in which will be given the history and statement of the manufactures, finances, trade, administration of justice, and seminaries of education, so that the whole work may be considered as a complete statistical account of Galicia and Austrian Poland.

The chief objects of the second part are the Jews, dissidents, catholic clergy in Poland, ecclesiastical reformations and toleration in Galicia. Since the sixteenth century, the Jews have upon the whole lived in great security, and enjoyed the freest toleration, in Poland. The alterations made in their political regulations and for their instruction, are related; but it seems that since 1793 little has been done; and the exertions of Mr. Homberg, the superintendant of the Jewish schools in Galicia, and now living at Vienna, which had in view the improvement of his countrymen, have not been sufficiently supported. The author is of opinion, that for the political improvement of the Jews, it is absolutely necessary that they should live separate from the christians, and, having waste lands assigned to them, should not be permitted to procure any sustenance but what they gained themselves by their own labour from the earth. Thus they would be compelled to apply to agriculture which they now abhor, and would be

drawn off from usury and low arts, by which they are a nuisance to the state.

The history of the dissidents in Poland is replete with instruction, and it is related with impartiality. For the honour of the nation, the inquisition could never take deep root in the country. Dissidents were at times persecuted; but in the year 1569 more than half of the diet, and even of the senate, were not of the catholic persuasion. In the history of the attempt at the union of the eastern churches in Russia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, Engel's History of the latter place might have been consulted with great advantage; as in it are displayed the ills that flowed from this unfortunate attempt. It should also have been noticed, that the unitarians who were expelled out of Poland in the year 1658, found for the most part a retreat in Sieben-bürgen, where they were allowed to form a legal settlement, and to the present day have persisted in the faith for which they were at first banished from their own country. Since the year 1670 no dissident has been permitted to have a place in the senate: and in 1718 Piotrowski, the last protestant delegate, was ejected from the diet. The more intolerance prevailed in Poland, the nearer approaches were made to its final ruin.

In the third part the author has displayed great skill in contrasting the situation of the different ranks of gentry, burgesses, and peasantry, under their ancient and present government. The laws and administration of Austria appear to great advantage, compared with those of Poland; and every order in the state has been a gainer by the change of an aristocratical government, continually exposed to all the horrors of anarchy, for the settled regulations of monarchy. The lower classes in particular may rejoice. They had before neither liberty nor protection. They were treated with the utmost contempt by their superiors; a contempt almost as great as the Irish gentry entertain for their peasantry,—but in Ireland the peasant, however despised, had some means of redress, which for the most part were denied to the wretched slaves in Poland. The author's mode of thinking upon this subject may be seen from the following passage:

'The state, as some would make us believe, need not entertain the least concern on the situation of the people, provided a proper political catechism be taught them, and that they are well instructed in their duty to their sovereign, the state, and their superiors. A people, treated in this manner, would turn a deaf ear to all seducers, and the government might depend upon them as its steadiest supporters, and most zealous defenders.'

ART. III.—*Dissertaçao historica e critica sobre os Representaçaoes Theatraes.*

An Historical and Critical Dissertation on Theatrical Representations. By J. L. R. 8vo. Lisbon.

PORTUGAL has never had reason to be proud of her literature. The name of Camoens alone rescues it from obscurity; it would, perhaps, be difficult to find another Portuguese author whose works have been of sufficient distinction to extend his name beyond the limits of his own country. The highest eminence in letters and in arms which she ever attained, was towards the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Since that period her literature (as we shall shortly observe of that of her Spanish neighbour) declined with her political importance, and almost expired with the above-mentioned illustrious poet. The magnanimity of Emanuel the Great gave encouragement to science at home, while Europe was dazzled by the splendour of the Portuguese achievements in Asia. In his reign the court of Lisbon was supereminently distinguished for taste and elegance, and was the resort at once of science and politeness, at the time that the discoveries and conquests made by his subjects in the East, established Portugal into an immense empire, and extended wide the fame of her military prowess. But these golden days were of short duration. When it is remembered that the Inquisition, that tribunal so hostile to every exertion of the human intellect, was introduced by the successor of Emanuel*, it will be needless to bring forward any other proof that in that prince learning did not meet with a patron. The muses fled to more northern countries, where the fostering influence of the Reformation, as in England, or the relaxed spirit of popery, as in France, afforded them a more congenial asylum. The romantic spirit of the Quixotic Sebastian hastened the downfal of the grandeur of his country, which was not delayed by the feeble and superannuated ecclesiastic† who succeeded him. While subject to the tyrannic yoke of Spain, her interests of every kind were neglected, or only made subservient to the views of her ambitious and domineering masters. The revolution of 1640 is the last instance of spirit or enterprize displayed in the annals of Portugal: governed by a succession of weak, despotic, and superstitious princes, neglectful alike of their own and their country's reputation, she has gra-

* John III. † Don Henry.

dually languished into imbecility; and that nation, once the mistress of Asia and the admiration of Europe, has sunk into the most degrading insignificance.

Still, amidst innumerable disadvantages, and in spite of all the restraints imposed upon it, the liveliness of the native genius of the Portugueze has occasionally manifested itself, and that, perhaps, to a greater extent than other European nations are apt to imagine. Those who have resided in Portugal, and had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the almost insurmountable difficulties thrown in the way of genius by the inquisition, the clergy, and the nature of the government in general, as well as by almost every individual sovereign and minister (the patriotic Pombal not excepted), have reason to be surprised that a book should ever issue from the press.

The sciences in which Portugal seems to be least deficient are, perhaps, music, poetry, and the histrionic art: in all of which she may bear a comparison, by no means disadvantageous, with France; and though the latter may be more artificially correct, yet the former is infinitely more simply elegant, more replete with the unaffected genuine expression of cultivated yet uncorrupted nature; if her defects be greater, her beauties on the other hand are more numerous and more unequivocal, consequently her capacity for improvement more considerable. Indeed we are convinced that if the Portuguese persist in the cultivation of this science, and could be induced to confide in their own native powers without having recourse to the servile imitation by which they now fetter themselves, their superiority must soon be evident.

The 'Historical and Critical Dissertation' now before us, is divided by the author into nine sections.—First, 'Definition and division of theatric representations.' This section consists of little more than an enumeration of the divers conceits of *soi-disant* philosophers on the subject in question; which consist of trite, superficial, and generally weak remarks, on the good or evil arising from dramatic exhibitions.

The writer then treats of 'the origin of tragedy and comedy, and their objects.' From this part of the work the classical reader (a species of readers, however, not very common in Portugal) will not derive much instruction; as it is but an imperfect account of what is to be found in Aristotle's Poetics, Horace's Art of Poetry, Bentley's Phalaris, and the Travels of Anacharsis. With the two former of these works our author is not unacquainted, though he has not made a very judicious use of them. Of the others he seems to be entirely ignorant.

His information is not much more correct, nor more interesting, in the succeeding section, where he dwells pretty

much at large upon 'the theatrical representations of the Romans.' He declaims, with more zeal than judgment, against the lamentable errors of which paganism was the cause in theatrical as well as all other human transactions; and, with equal piety and prolixity, quotes by wholesale the opinions of the fathers. These arguments we shall not lay before our readers, presuming that they would excite less interest, and produce less conviction here, than in the author's native country.

We proceed to the account of the 'reform and notable change which was introduced in theatrical exhibitions, by christian princes.' Our author here regales us with the opinions of certain men of science and probity (*i. e.* of ignorant and prejudiced bigots); and a second edition of the opinions of the fathers, most of which are in a high degree ridiculous and inconsistent, on the virtues and vices of the theatre. For instance: One of the fathers (St. Thomas) proposes the question 'whether in amusement there can be any virtue?' After discussing the point in no very acute logic, he pronounces in the affirmative. He then proceeds to ask 'if in the superfluity of amusement there can be sin?' This point he proves, to his own satisfaction, by a number of sophistical arguments, not very difficult to be controverted, and by which he also proves himself a very weak reasoner; and thus irrevocably condemns all writers, readers, actors, and spectators, of tragedy, comedy, and farce.

The 'objections against the permission of theatrical representations among christians,' in the fifth, are more reasonable than the childish and superstitious contents of the preceding sections. The author quotes Amelot, who says that 'comedies teach licentiousness,' and Livy, who calls them 'intolerable follies,' and Quintilian, who thought them an amusement which ought to be prohibited to youth, till they had reached an age 'quando mores fuerint in tuto.'

In the next section he 'answers these objections;' and observes, that the exhibitions in question, whenever they violate the laws of decorum, also violate the rules and precepts of the art, and ought therefore doubly to be condemned.

Our author's opinion, that, 'upon the whole, theatrical representations are not only to be approved of, but even necessary in a well-regulated state,' is somewhat questionable. He adduces political motives, why the legislature should permit them: as, 'to persuade the people that happiness consists less in the possession of things, than in the contempt of them; that virtue procures and requires no recompence but itself; and that there is not any interest, however great, which ought to oblige an honourable man to commit any baseness.'

These stoical arguments in favour of the theatre, deserve as little notice as those on the other side of the question, promulgated by the fathers who lived some hundred years ago; or the similar ones in vogue among the Jeremy Collyers of our own times. Surely the effect of the theatre upon the public mind, generally speaking, is neutral; though the seductive influence of licentious, irreligious, or inflammatory writing, must manifestly have a pernicious effect, especially on the lower orders of people; in which case the voice of the public cannot be too loud in condemning, nor the arm of the legislature too severe in punishing them. Otherwise, who ever went to the theatre for the purpose of being instructed, or who ever came instructed out of it?

In the eighth section our author observes, that 'the abuses which have crept into the theatre, call for an effectual and speedy remedy,' and thinks that 'this desirable object is by no means difficult to be accomplished.' As a principal instrument towards this accomplishment, he recommends the establishment of a censor; and supports his opinion by many judicious and pertinent remarks.

The conclusion consists of 'a general view of dramatic poetry,' and further observations on the benefits to be derived from the stage, which, he thinks, 'might be made subservient to the promotion of mirth among the people, might tend to manifest the greatness and glory of the state, and might be conducive to inspire the people with patriotism and the love of virtue, and to teach them to avoid the evils of indolence.' If these latter objects could be brought about, the labours and writings of our author would not be in vain; for there is no European country where patriotism is at so low an ebb, where virtue is so little cherished, and where the evils of indolence are so mournfully predominant, as in Portugal.

The merits of this work cannot be said to be very considerable. The writer is inferior to many of his contemporaries in information and talents: he is sometimes apt to quote opinions, and refer to facts, which he either does not understand, or, what is more probable, has not judgment enough to appropriate to his own views. Still he is a friend of virtue, as well as of the theatre.

ART. IV.—*Voyage sur la Scene des six derniers Livres de l'Enéide, suivi de quelques Observations sur le Latium moderne.*

Travels over the Scene of the six last Books of the Eneid, with some Observations on modern Latium. By Charles Victor de Bonstetten, late Bailiff of Nion, &c. 8vo. Geneva. 1804. Imported by de Conchy.

THE labours of the learned remind us of Virgil's description of the bees. Some, after long foraging abroad, exploring the relics of ancient grandeur, or traversing the scenes of mighty exploits, return home *crura thymo plena*, loaded with the fruits of their toil, while others *onera accipiunt venientum*, relieve the wanderer of his burden, and store the honey in the comb. What department of the swarm may be most fitly assigned to the reviewer of books, admits of a dispute. By some, perhaps, he may be admitted to the honourable but invidious office of driving off the intruding drone from the hive; while, we fear, some few, especially among such as have been stung, will be inclined to allow him no higher province than that of buzzing and fluttering about its entrance—*mussant oras et limina circum*. We are now to report the success of one of these out-door labourers, who has been lately collecting sweets on the banks of the Tiber. It is time, therefore, to drop our metaphor, and return to sober truth.

The Bryantian controversy, which has induced so many of our own countrymen to examine the scene of the Iliad, was perhaps the ultimate cause which suggested to M. de B. the propriety of paying Virgil the same compliment by visiting the shore of Latium. Indeed, of the two countries, more additional light may now be expected from researches on the Laurentian coast, than in the plain of Troy. For, in the first place, the comparative proximity of the Roman poet to our own times, all other circumstances supposed the same, affords a presumption that the features of the country which he delineates, are less changed than those of the country about Troy; unless indeed Virgil has described them exactly as they existed in the time of Eneas,—a supposition which M. de B. seems to take for granted, though it is much less probable than that he drew from nature as she then presented herself to his eyes, making allowances indeed for the embellishments of art which had taken place between the days of Eneas and his own. Again, after so many visits to the banks of the Simois, nothing very interesting from its novelty can now be expected to be gleaned in that quarter. But the shore of Latium is a spot still to be explored and illustrated.

Most of those who have published an account of these places from ocular investigation, as Lipsius, Vulpius, and others, have been better acquainted with books than with nature, or with mankind; and though they are venerable for their deep erudition, still they have left sufficient room for farther elucidation from the advances made by later times in natural history and philosophy, and particularly in the history of man.

'Natural history,' this author justly observes, 'presents at every step some fact or other which throws light upon the history of man; and, if so few attempts have yet been made to explain the one by the other, it is because naturalists have troubled themselves very little about antiquities, and antiquarians still less about natural history. When once the sciences are developed, there will spring from their alliance results which cannot be foreseen.'

Nor is it at all a subject of wonder that so few have undertaken to explore this coast; because the country itself, in its present state, holds out very little inducement to travellers, excepting the circumstance of its having formed the scene of that interesting series of events recorded in the six last books of the Eneid. 'Hospitis Æneæ gloria sola manet.' The only charms which it now offers to the spectator, arise from the reflections which he carries in his own breast.

'All this country of Latinus and the Rutuli,' says M. de B. 'is at present so poor and so desert that even the bread one finds there is brought from Rome. In the hot season, when the air is so infected, three women are set to guard, as if it were a dead body, the frightful town of Ostia, the capital of the desert, and of every three men one meets on this coast the chances are that two at least are fugitive assassins. The pestilence is the sole inhabitant of these deserts during the heats of summer; in winter the rain sometimes inundates them, and there is only a moment in the spring when a stranger can travel there at all, and then he must take provisions for his journey, with recommendations to some priest, to avoid being taken for a robber.'

Thus do swamps and sickness, beggars and bravoes, constitute the modern graces of that country which was once the garden of Europe; and those shores which formerly were lined with contiguous villas, the overflowings of Rome in all her pride of power, are now conspicuous for nothing but 'the abomination of desolation!'

In his introduction, and elsewhere, this author appears to us far too sanguine in his expectation of finding in Virgil a real history of the events of the fabulous times.

His remark is just, that the more a country advances in civilization and refinement, the more separate become the pro-

vinces of the poet and the historian. But the remark makes against himself; for Virgil certainly lived in a time and state of the highest refinement. Homer and Ossian wrote in the simplicity of half-civilized life, and may reasonably be supposed to have taken truth for the ground-work of their poems, because truth was then rendered more acceptable to mankind than fiction, by the very scarcity of those who could record it. Besides, from their living so much nearer to the times of which they speak, their capacity to relate transactions as they really happened, was increased equally with their motive to do so. With Virgil it was far otherwise: 'Ad nos,' he expressly says, 'vix tenuis rerum perlabitur aura.' The traditions which he had to work upon were a medley of wild fables, many of them contradictory to one another, as may be seen in the ancient accounts which are still extant of the early population of Italy. The confusion arising from the mixture of Grecian mythology brought by the Pelasgic colonists, with that of the earlier inhabitants of Italy, the pride which each city and district had in deriving its descent from some famous hero, the length of time which ensued before letters were at all cultivated at Rome, the tricks of pontifical priestcraft, and, above all, the stories built upon the resemblance of names and fanciful etymologies, to which even Cato seems to have applied the Greek he learned in his old age, were all causes which tended more or less to disturb the sources of information, with respect to the antiquities of Italy. Nor is it likely that Virgil himself, out of these vague and discordant legends, would uniformly and rigidly chuse the most probable, especially where probability came in competition with convenience. Homer was to be copied, the public at large to be amused, and Augustus, with all his court, to be flattered, by deriving their names and families from some great head.

While, however, we differ somewhat from M. de B. in our notion of poetical truth in general, and particularly as it is to be expected in Virgil; while we venture to question whether he has precisely ascertained the spot where Turnus lay in ambush for Eneas, or identified the cavern into which Cacus conveyed the oxen of Hercules, and even feel some misgivings of faith respecting the existence of this Caliban of ancient times; we yet heartily approve the following observations:

'The explanation of antiquity has been too exclusively sought in written memorials. There are other monuments more certain and better preserved than stones and brass. I mean nature herself, the features of those regions which have formed the scene of great events. I have often said to myself, during my residence at Rome, These walls, these ruins, are no longer the objects which

Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Cæsar, or Tacitus, had before their eyes: but this nature, this majestic Mount Alban, this chain of Sabine mountains, this Soracte of Horace, standing alone in the plain, this Tiber, this Janiculum; in a word, this sky, this earth, and these seas, are still the same, and while every thing belonging to man has crumbled into ruin, this grand theatre of action remains all entire. The contemplation of this immutable scene may shed some light upon the history and poetry of the ancients.'

On the 27th of March, M. de B. set out from Rome on the road which leads to Ostia. After noticing the tomb of Cestius, and a testaceous mount consisting of broken pots and pans, which we suppose to have been the ancient Æsquiliæ, he adds:

'It was in these obscure quarters of ancient Rome, that the common people lived in the time of Nero. There are still to be seen on the high road many poor inns, and many beggars who have their post on the high-way. In these places the primitive christians lived in obscurity, occupied in selling baskets and hay, of which, to this day, there are some stores in the neighbourhood.'

Where in the world did M. de B. find this new trade of the early christians? Juvenal says only that certain groves in the suburbs of Rome were let out to poor begging Jews, whose whole furniture consisted of a basket and some hay. But the Jews, with this author, must all be converts to christianity, and are made moreover dealers in baskets and hay. We do not see how either the basket-trade or the hay-trade is to be reconciled with Juvenal's description of the wood, as going a-begging. The truth is probably this: the basket ('cophinus,' the same word as St. Luke uses when he speaks of the twelve baskets full of fragments) held their provisions, which their law forbade them to eat with heathens, and the 'fœnum' was a truss of hay by way of a portable bed.

We shall here remark, that this writer is extremely careless in his mode of quoting lines and fragments of lines from the Roman poets. Thus we meet with such verses as the following:

'Gabiosque, Veiosque, Coramque.'
'Laurus multos metu servata per annos.'
'Hinc Italæ gentes et omnis Œnotria tellus.'
'Sacra recognoscas eruta annalibus priscis.'

Such quotations grievously offend the eye as well as the ear of every reader who has been the least attentive to quantity. We hope they are errors of the press. If they have fallen from the pen, we should think it adviseable for M. de B. to make his next travels into Greece, and in the course of his tour not to omit a *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

This traveller differs not materially from former commentators on Virgil, in the situation which he assigns to the camp of the Trojans, afterwards called Nova Troja.

'Near the mouth of the river' (Tiber), 'a lake surrounded by a marsh, extends itself in the sandy plain. Its humid banks reach as far as the great river. Here it was that Eneas fixed his camp about 500 paces from the sea. He had, on his right hand, and a little before him, the river; the lake behind him, and a narrow tract of swampy ground between the lake and the river; before him, at the distance of 500 paces, was the sea.' P. 53.

In another passage he is more circumstantial.

'The Tiber itself has its ruins. They pointed out to me an ancient bed of the river called Fiume Morto. This ancient bed, as may be seen in the map, advances somewhat nearer to the lake than the river does in its present state. Formerly, when the Tiber flowed in this early channel, it approached very near the marshy lake, which, without doubt, owes its waters partly to the river and partly to the springs which descend from the hills. The distance between the Fiume Morto and the lake is about 100 toises. These hundred toises of flat ground between a river and a marsh, must have been impassable in the time of Eneas: as, indeed, they still are; for the passage to the town is over a bridge. It is in the angle which the river forms with the lake, very near to modern Ostia, that I place the camp of Eneas. In this position the Trojans had the river on their right, the lake behind them, and the sea in their front a little to the right, and (according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus) at the distance of 500 paces from the sea.'

'But why is the point of attack on the left of the camp, and not on the side of the sea? It is because the river, by its winding, covered a part of the front of the Trojan army:

'Turnus paulatim excedere pugna,
Et fluvium petere, ac partem quæ cingitur amni.

'This passage exactly describes the bend which the river made about the camp of Eneas, where Turnus had been shut in. This bend of the river was perhaps the Fiume Morto.

'The Latins never thought of attacking the camp of Eneas on the eastern side, toward the modern road leading to Rome; because on that side the camp was defended by the marsh. See B. 9, v. 56. Turnus seeks every where a passage to arrive at the camp of the Trojans:

'Huc turbidus atque huc
Lustrat equo muros, aditumque per avia quærit.

'These "muri" are the intrenchments. "Aditus per avia" are perhaps only the marshes which were behind the camp. Even to this day we cannot arrive at Ostia by the road from Rome without passing over a very long bridge, which the ancient Romans have

built over the lake, and which reaches nearly to the gate of the town. The camp of Eneas must have been situated almost in the same spot with modern Ostia.'

That the camp of Eneas was placed within one of the concave windings (the 'longi flexus' mentioned in the 8th book of the Eneid, v. 95) of the Tiber, perhaps in that part of its ancient channel now called Fiume Morto, at least that Virgil had so placed it in his own conception, seems very probable. But, that it was immediately backed by an extensive lake and marsh, we recollect no positive indication in Virgil. We read of the Laurentian marshes; but where is the passage in Virgil which places them close behind the Trojan camp? Indeed we think M. de B. peculiarly unhappy in his attempts to support his hypothesis. Why should Turnus ride round the intrenchments of the camp to seek a passage to it, when one side at least was open to him, and that the most obvious, as it fronted his own? His object clearly was, to seek the most advantageous passage, not to the intrenchments, but through them. He reconnoitred them in order to judge where there promised to be the least opposition from the enemy; where it was most practicable to leap the fosse or scale the mound; or lastly, to set fire to the wooden towers, which were placed all round the camp at certain intervals, with a sort of scaffolding, called bridges, between them. This interpretation, which would even otherwise be the most natural, is corroborated by the account which Virgil gives of the second attack upon the camp:

> 'Et fossas implere parant et vellere vallum;
> Quærunt pars aditum et scalis adscendere muros
> Qua rara est acies, &c.' B. ix. v. 506.

and again:

> 'Turris erat vasto suspectu et pontibus altis,
> Opportuna loco, &c.' v. 530.

After passing over the two arms of the Tiber which include the Sacred Island of Apollo, he visits the site of Trajani Portus, now called Porto, which with Ostia taken together, does not contain thirty inhabitants. A little town called Fiumicino, built about half a league below Port Trajan, now supplies the place of both.

The Numicius, called by this author Numicus, which some commentators have supposed to be the modern Rivo di Nimi, and which others have placed at the foot of the hill upon which Lavinium, now called Pratica, is built, M. de B. confidently places between Laurentum and the marsh of Ostia.

His argument is drawn from the frequent mention of the Tiber and this river in the same passage, as:

'Hæc fontis stagna Numici,
Hunc Thybrim fluvium;'

with two or three other passages. Another argument is taken from the account given of the Trojans reconnoitring the country on the day after their landing:

'Postera cum prima,' &c.

from which lines M. de B. would conclude that the Numicius could be seen almost from the camp.

The confidence with which any hypothesis, however trifling its subject, is supported, ought to be limited in proportion to the strength of the proofs on which it rests. According to M. de B.'s own account of the country, Laurentum is but a short league from the camp of Eneas, and two leagues farther on is Lavinium. If then we judge Virgil by the most rigid rules, three leagues is by no means an impossible distance for the Trojans to penetrate, especially in the long days of July, in which month Eneas is supposed to have landed on the shore of Latium, and in a country which so many prophecies had assured them, was to be the scene of the restoration of Trojan glory. As to the circumstance of the Tiber and the Numicius being mentioned frequently together, not a shadow of an argument can be drawn from this for their proximity; as nothing is more common, especially in poetry, than to designate a country by the principal streams that water it.

This author is more happy in his choice of a situation for Laurentum:

'I had set myself the following problem to solve: What is the situation of Laurentum which adapts itself at once to all the passages of Virgil? I had shifted my opinion three times; at last I determined its place a little above the Laurentum of Pliny, by the side of the hills of Decimo, at a short distance from the marsh. Having gone through this labour, after the repeated perusal of Virgil, I went to consult the map; and I saw precisely at the place of my Laurentum, the name of Selva Laurentina, and very near it, beside the hill, the name of Picus preserved in that of Trafusina di Picchi'.

In another place (p. 133) we have the detail of the author's reasonings which led him to the solution of his problem:

'Virgil's Laurentum was not situated upon the hills. For Turnus, learning the death of Camilla, abandons the hills and woods to retire to Laurentum. "Desinit obsessos colles, nemora

aspera linquit." B. xi. v. 908. Eneas rapidly pursues him, and arrives at the town close behind him. "Sic amho ad muros," &c. Eneas, who follows him, sees afar off, the troops of Turnus, returning from the hills. It was some distance then from the hills to the town. But Laurentum was not near the sea. For, in no one engagement which we read of before this town, is there any mention made of the sea, which is so often spoken of when the battle is before the Trojan camp. Laurentum was not far from the river, because Virgil says (B. xii. v. 255) that the Latins saw an eagle holding a swan in its talons, which it let fall into the Tiber. How could they see these birds, if Laurentum had been very far from the river? Virgil is not guilty of such oversights. And yet Laurentum is near the lake or marsh, its distance from which did not exceed the length of the Trojan battalions, which, when ranged around Turnus, at the time of his engaging in single combat with Eneas, extended on one side to the walls of the town, and on the other to the lake. "Hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua mœnia cingunt." The wild olive, where Eneas had planted his spear, consecrated to the tutelary God of the town, Faunus, by the mariners escaped from shipwreck, was not very near the sea shore.

'The town of Laurentum, then, being neither upon the hills, nor very far from the Tiber, nor upon the lake, nor close to the sea-shore, we must look for it in some intermediate point; and I find the situation which answers all these conditions, precisely at the spot known at present by the name of Selva Laurentina.'

We must not omit to mention the singular circumstance that a sort of small feluccas in the neighbourhood of Ostia, at Antium and at Nettuno, is called Troja; and that at Monte Circello there still survive some traditional superstitions respecting a maga, or enchantress, who is said formerly to have inhabited the grotto near its top.

To relieve the tediousness of topographical disquisitions, we shall insert an extract which every Briton, at least, will read with pleasure. Speaking of the prospect of the sea from Torre-Paterno, he says:

'At a distance we saw the flag flying on lord Elgin's frigate, lately arrived from Constantinople. Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, and the friend of Pliny,—Agricola, the conqueror of Albion, would have been much surprised could he have seen with me the wild Britons now become so great, near the humble desert of that Rome which was once so proud. He would have seen with sorrow the long chastisement of those Romans, the tyrants and devastators of the globe, paying at length with usury all the calamities which their ambition had brought upon the world.'

Lavinium is placed, according to some preceding authors, in the same situation with modern Pratica. The derivation of this word, if it be just, is a curious instance of the tradition of names:

'Piso, one of the oldest historians of Rome, relates that Eneas having perished in the Numicius, his son built a temple to his memory, where he was adored under the name of Jupiter Indiges. Hence the town of Lavinium was called by the people the Father's Rocks, Saxa Patrica, whence arose the name Pratica.

'We may observe here a great singularity in the language of the people of modern Rome and of all Latium, that of transposing letters and syllables, and of pronouncing like Polichinel. The Romans of the present day gravely say crapa for capra, a she-goat; they say frebbe instead of febbre, fever; paduli for paludi; &c.'

This, however, can hardly be called a singularity in the Italian language, since there are probably a thousand instances of the same sort of transposition in every language. This is often the case with Latin words derived from the Greek, as *forma* from μορφη. In our own *patois*, who has has not heard geart for great, and reckeration for recreation? The letter r, above all others, seems to delight in this transposition.

Every school-boy has heard of the violence of the 'yellow' Tiber. Surrounded by mountains, and fed by so many tributary streams, a short succession of showers is sufficient to swell it to an alarming degree, and at those times it carries away with it a vast quantity of sand and slime from the volcanic soil over which it passes. It is almost demonstrable that from these deposits of the river, the shore near its mouth, and especially the Isola Sacra, has been considerably augmented. And thus far M. de B. offers nothing new. (See Lancisius's remarks on Pliny's villa.) But he extends this theory to a degree beyond all common sense.

'Near Ostia,' says he, '500 paces from the sea was the camp of Eneas. All that country, therefore, which I see beyond, is the work of 3000 years. On the other side of the Tiber, the salt marshes of Ancus Martius are no longer now near the sea. All the country beyond is, therefore, the work of 20 centuries. But in the time of Eneas, this sandy shore, this neck of land, placed between this chain of hills' (he means that which extends from the Tiber nearly to Antium) 'and the sea, existed already long before; for the Sicilians, the Aborigines, the Pelasgi, had preceded the Latins in this country. In comparing the work of 3000 years, which I have before my eyes, with the time requisite to form this extended coast, how many ages do I still find? But these volcanic hills which I tread under my feet (for these hills existed previous to the formation of the plain of Laurentum) were the ancient shore of the sea. How many thousands of years must it have required to amass this rubbish of another world, these hills, this Latium, and this vast Campagna di Roma, which the volcanoes have thrown up from the bosom of the main, and this Mount Alban, where near 3000 feet are raised, one grain at a time, by the eruptions of

volcanoes! In order to determine the number of these centuries, we need only take the work of Etna or Vesuvius for a scale. And these ejections of volcanoes, though so ancient, are themselves but fragments of a world still more ancient! The imagination heaps conjecture on conjecture; we mount up the torrent of ages, but can no where reach their source. I lose myself in immensity,' &c.

We entirely agree with this author, that his imagination is here heaping conjecture upon conjecture, Ossa upon Pelion, until he completely loses himself. But let us examine his theory at length.—After speaking of the elevation of the banks of the Tiber, by the accumulation of sand thrown out by its current, he proceeds:

'The second effect of the accumulations of the Tiber, is the addition of land formed along the ancient sea-shore, from Ostia to Antium, which I call the coast of Laurentum. All this sandy coast is of the same nature with the new banks of earth which are every day collecting below the Isola Sacra and Ostia, and which we know, to a certainty, to be the work of the Tiber.

'These accumulations must have commenced along the ancient shore, that is, along the hills which the volcanoes have thrown up out of the waters. We see by the modern collections of the river, that the currents make their depôts toward the south rather than the north; for the low foundations formed by the right arm of the river are to the south of its mouth, and the left arm makes its depôts in the same direction. While the collections have been able to follow this direction, they have laboured to elevate the coast of Laurentum, situated to the south of the Tiber. This coast once formed, such as we see it, the currents began to labour in the direction which they have at present; which is not yet completed, because the marsh is not yet entirely filled up.

'We may reasonably suppose that the square league of land formed below the town of Ostia, has been the work of 3000 years, because we know that it began under Ancus Martius, and can conjecture where the sea-shore was in the time of Eneas. The coast of Laurentum, which may be from nine to ten leagues in length, by three-quarters of a league in breadth, all composed of similar accumulations, will then (admitting a like proportion) be the work of between 20 and 30 thousand years.

'I shall observe moreover, that this coast does not discover any volcanic traces. I conclude from this, that the antiquity of the volcanoes, exceeding the time of the formation of this coast of Latium, must be placed as it were in another world, and must be sought for far beyond even all fabulous traces of history.'

'But, before the volcanoes, these very hills did not exist, and the country which they now occupy, being below the level of the sea, must have been overflown. Latium formed, therefore, at that time, a gulph which extended, without doubt, as far as the Sabine mountains. Soracte, and the Mount Alban, were islands, as that of Circe was in Homer's time.'

Really, this author heaps his thousands upon ten-thousands with a most unsparing hand. A thousand years seem to him no more than a single day. But, considering the immense work upon which he has employed father Tiber, it was but fair to allow him a handsome round period of time in which he might accomplish it, especially as he is not willing to grant him any assistance from the eruption of lava from these volcanic hills, from the ground washed down their declivities, or from the retiring of the sea. But why is M. de B. so modest in his demands of 20 or 30 thousand years? He has still a considerable portion of the *boot* of Italy left; it is only adding some few millions of centuries, and the whole may be supposed the work of the Po. Seriously, is it not surprising that a person who terms Ovid the great theologian, who most religiously believes the stories of Cacus and of Anna Perenna, can thus silently pass by the Mosaic account of the creation as an exploded fable? It is not the first time we have had occasion to remark and to lament the credulousness of incredulity.

One thing, however, suggested itself to us as an illustration of Virgil in the above extracts, which, though many may be inclined to consider it as a fanciful refinement, we are unwilling wholly to omit. Every reader of Virgil will recollect his account of the rescue of Turnus by the intervention of Juno, in the tenth book. The hero pursues a phantom of Eneas into a vessel ready for his reception in the Tiber; the cables are slipt by an invisible hand, and the vessel, borne rapidly down the stream into the sea, is then carried by the current in a southerly direction, until it reaches Ardea in safety:

> 'Labitur alta secans fluctuque æstuque secundo,
> Et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.'

This is precisely the direction in which the Tiber, according to M. de B.'s theory, has made its deposits; and supposing that theory to be just in part (for we are not now concerned with his secular calculations), and that Virgil was acquainted with the circumstance, it seems to throw some light upon this piece of fiction, and to justify in some measure his account of the escape of Turnus, which, notwithstanding what Heyne says, has always appeared to us but a sorry shift of the poet's to spin out his work two books farther.

Having been so prolix in our extracts and remarks wherever Virgil was concerned, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of making selections from the second part of this work, which is employed in observations on the air, poverty, population, police, agriculture, soil, &c. of modern Latium. The author's remarks

on the causes and probable remedies of the present insalubrity of the air in the Campagna di Roma, are sensible and interesting; indeed, they form in our estimation the most valuable part of his volume. Nothing surely is more astonishing than that those hills, which, as Livy tells us, were chosen purposely for the site of Rome on account of their salubrity,—and still more the coast of Latium, where Pliny, with a thousand other rich men, had their villas,—should now be a prey to infectious fevers. Yet the pestilence itself this author seems with reason to consider as no more than the match which produces the explosion, when applied to matter previously disposed to catch the flame. The grand desideratum is to remove the universal state of starvation and beggary to which the lower classes are condemned, by the silently beneficial influence of good laws and police; and more especially by establishing small proprietors, and encouraging them to cultivate their own lands.

Upon the whole, as an illustration of the Eneid, the present publication did not much disappoint us: for we expected little. Yet, considered as the relation of a four days ramble about a part of Italy, which has been little visited of late years, and which is interesting from the recollection of what it once has been, it certainly possesses some recommendations—at least sufficient to make us wish for something more and something better.

ART. V.—*System der reinen und angewanden Mechanik fester körper von I. I. A. Ide D. P.*

System of Pure and Practical Mechanics, by I. I. A. Ide, D. P. 8vo. Jena. 1805.

THE author makes a just complaint, that in most books on this subject in the German language there appears too great a desire to shew the practical utility of every proposition; and thus is retarded the progress of the learner to a higher degree of knowledge, whose consequence would afterwards prove to be far more interesting. To remedy this defect, he carries on his theory to a great extent, and shews himself well qualified for his undertaking. The principles are, in general, well laid down, the arrangement is excellent, and the improvements that have been made in later times are well introduced. On the difficult subject of pressure it will not excite surprise if there should appear to be a failure. On the division of pressure on several points and surfaces, we cannot agree with him. When a body is supported at three points, the pressure in each is found by forms which, in the case of the three points and the centre of gravity being in the same

straight line, become $\frac{0}{0}$, and the three expressions do not give in this state a determinate value. On this account another mode is taken to determine precisely the nature of the pressure on each point; and a principle is previously laid down as undeniable, that the division of the pressure will be as uniform as possible, or the difference of the pressure on the different props will be as small as circumstances admit. The sum then of the separate pressures is given in the terms of $p\ p'\ p''$, or the sum of their squares $\overline{p-p'}^2 + \overline{p-p''}^2 + \overline{p'-p''}^2 =$ minimum, and a new formula is derived by the usual method of fluxions. But is the previous proposition undeniable? and can it be considered as an axiom, when there is reason for doubt, and it would be difficult to prove its truth in all cases? The result is considered to be right and true, and upon this account the reader is expected to acquiesce in the truth of the lemma. Such a proceeding cannot be allowed in mathematical reasoning: the truth of each proposition must be ascertained before any deduction is made from it; and in this case it is particularly necessary, since the results may fairly be called in question.

For example: let us take an inflexible plank, whose centre of gravity is in the middle, and let it be supported by three props, the one in the middle, and the other two at equal distances from it, the three props being in a straight line; in this case, according to the theory laid down, a third part of the weight will be supported by each prop. Such a result cannot be allowed to be either true or probable. On each side of the middle prop the effort to descend is not, indeed, destroyed by the effort on the other side, but it is rendered inactive, and it is against the first principles of statics that on both sides of the centre of gravity which is supported a pressure should exist. The question is here not on the nature of an elastic plank, but merely on a perfectly stiff line. Were the elasticity of the plank, however, considered, yet the theory could not be allowed, even if it agreed in its results with that of Euler. In this case the pressure upon the middle prop might be destroyed, if the outer props were not too far distant from the middle one. The formula laid down gives, indeed, for each of the three props, a third part of the weight of the body, as pressure upon each prop, when the centre of gravity is in one, at equal distances from the other two; but this is evidently false, whether maintained by Euler or not, since in mathematics the authority of a name carries with it neither conviction nor weight.

The inflexibility of the plank was pre-supposed, and consequently the whole of the weight must rest upon the prop which is in the point of the centre of gravity; or the centre

of gravity ceases to be a centre of gravity in the usual acceptation of the term, and we must look out for a new definition for it. For this case the first-found formula is right: $\Pi = p$, that is, the pressure on the prop supporting the centre of gravity is equal to the whole weight. In some other cases the conclusions drawn by the author cannot be allowed; but the work is calculated to draw attention to those points in which, if he has failed, he may console himself with the reflection that names great in science have been as unsuccessful.

ART. VI.—*Dissertaçao sobre os Deveres dos Juizes, &c.*

Dissertation on the Duties of Judges; with a compendious Treatise on public and private Violence. By John Filippe de Cruz, Presbyter of the Order of St. Peter. Small 8vo. Lisbon. 1803.

LAWS give a character to the manners and customs of a free country, but it is the administration of them that affects the domestic happiness or misery of the people. In absolute governments they are generally a dead letter, unknown to all but the rich and powerful, whose influence can command a reference to first principles, or the usage of their forefathers. This is more particularly the fact with regard to penal laws; which are frequently annulled, neglected, applied, augmented, or explained, according to the caprice of judges acting by the authority of a despot. The duties of a judge must therefore be highly important in every country, but more especially so in those where he is at once the most absolute and dependent being in the community. In almost every country of Europe, except England, judges hold their places at the option of the prince, and they unite in their own person the powers of jurisconsult, juror, and legislator: that is, they first expound the law supposed to be violated; then, as jurors, decide on the fact and credibility of witnesses; and finally, as legislators, award the punishment of offenders according to their own fancies, sanctioned by the government. This triple capacity, which would require such a rare portion of genius and wisdom, is often filled in a manner little honourable to princes or to human nature, and still less favourable to the dearest interests of society. Indeed their inability seems to be great in proportion to the magnitude of the duty: and had the disaffected persons in this country as often witnessed the violence, the blind fury, and contempt of justice and humanity in foreign courts of judicature, as we have done, they never would have complained that they were born in England. It is in vain that we look for foreign precedents, either ancient

or modern, as there is neither a judicial nor civil court of judicature in the British empire in which the principles of moral and political justice are not better defined, and more ably and humanely applied, than in any other country of Europe whatever. We allude in particular to the manner of examining witnesses and ascertaining facts, to the humane conduct of the judge and jurors towards the accused, and to their discriminating penetration, moderation, and impartiality. An English judge regrets that the prisoner should be found guilty; a French one often seems to be animated with a malignant exultation at the occasion of inflicting punishment on a malefactor.

The work before us is extremely elaborate; it comprises the labour of both the French and Portuguese editors, and there are few legislators or writers of distinction on jurisprudence, from Moses down to Grotius and Puffendorf, who are not cited in the course of the dissertation. In the introduction the editor gives a view of the multifarious contents of his work, in which the opinions are not always very consistent, nor established with sufficient precision: indeed, it may be said to be, on the whole, like many German publications, more laborious than ingenious, as there is frequently a striking want of that philosophic acumen which is indispensable in works of this nature. The introduction commences thus:

'The dissertation on the duties of judges contains all that magistrates ought to know and practise: example combined with precept, and a mixture of many instructive passages, make this subject, which from its nature is somewhat abstract, more entertaining. The public in general, and those who are destined for the magistracy in particular, may alike receive salutary instructions from it.'

The first chapter, which is *on the choice of a judge*, consists of apothegms and anecdotes of judicial proceedings, both ancient and modern, and of the necessary qualities and character of judges. The noble and lofty reply of Papinian to Caracalla, is worthy to be remarked and remembered: 'It is much more easy,' said he to this prince, 'to commit a crime than to justify it.' We pass over our author's observations on the tribunal of women established by Heliogabalus on the Quirinal hill, which was merely a piece of jocularity on the part of that emperor, but which is here considered as a serious institution. The succeeding chapter has for its object *the authority of a judge*, in which are some interesting extracts from history. The ideal perfection inculcated here amounts to no more than causing 'the judges to be tried by the same laws with which they judged others;' a proof of how little the writers on the continent in general know of the superior administration of justice in this country, where the judges are not

only tried by the same laws, but where the laws define their power, and thereby obviate all possibility of abuse, and consequently prevent the existence of important evil. In treating of *the prudence of a judge*, our author confounds the duty of the judge, who is only the interpreter of the law, with the equity of the laws and the general principles of justice. The following observations reflect severely upon those catholic countries where torture is still allowed, as well as the common practice of judges in most countries on the continent of Europe.

'The judge ought to abstain from all measures that are contrary to decency and good manners in the administration of justice in certain cases. The same should be understood of those public executions which justice ordains; for, as the only object of the punishment of crimes is the interest and advantage of society, these may be highly dangerous by exciting men to an evil till then unknown, but which is rendered notorious by the publicity of the chastisement. It is indeed certain that there are crimes of such a nature, that to conceal them is of much greater utility than to make those acquainted with them who before were ignorant of them. The laws which prohibit certain crimes little known, are also imprudent.'

While on the subject of 'prudence,' the author passes some animadversions on the want of coolness and temperance in the Irish judges. The following anecdote is related:—In a certain city of Ireland the judge shewed great impatience while the counsel was pleading, and anticipated him in what he had to say: the counsel answered, 'No, my lord; I do not mean that.' 'You say this then?' asked the judge. 'Nor that, my lord,' rejoined the counsel. In fine, after three questions of this kind, the counsel answered definitively, 'My lord, how could I say such absurdities?' This however may be true without impeding the administration of justice according to the laws of England; as the pleadings of counsel are by no means essential, the laws determining the punishment, and the jurors deciding on the innocence or guilt of the accused. In Portugal, however, did the judge manifest such impatience, where his power is in a great measure indefinite, and where there are no jurors to appreciate the evidence, both humanity and justice would be violated in almost every instance.

The observations on 'the equity of a judge' contain excellent rules for the conduct of those who are destined to so respectable and so useful an office. The more ordinary abuses are represented to be, 'delays and negligence in sentencing; a want of examination and attention in some essential circumstances; the giving ear to calumny, and patronizing frauds; the passing over certain abuses with impunity, especially in judicial processes; and the

favouring the rich or the noble.' Our author proceeds to some remarks on the 'firmness of a judge,' in which he exa'ts the virtue of inflexibility: 'he who is naturally destitute of this virtue, will never be a good magistrate: Noli quærere fieri judex, nisi valeas virtute irrumpere iniquitates. Love, fear, and ambition, are commonly the straits *(cachapos)* in which justice is shipwrecked, and against which the judge ought to show himself intrepid and a despiser of danger.' After this explicit declaration, it is somewhat singular to find in the succeeding page the following remark: 'A judge ought to obey promptly the legitimate and rational orders that his superiors may give him, *although they may be contrary to the public right*, because they emanate from the supreme authority.' Whilst such sentiments are entertained, it is not surprising that the laws are administered without either wisdom or justice: notwithstanding, the author celebrates with deserved encomiums the names of Nerva, Papinian, sir Thomas More, &c. who lost their lives in defence of truth and equity. The concluding chapter is *on the temperance* or moderation *of a judge*; and contains many historical anecdotes, and rules for the government of the passions in fulfilling this high station.

The 'treatise on public and private violence' evinces the same laboured research, the same facility of anecdote, and the same defect of judgment, as the dissertation on the duties of judges. The author defines the nature of public and private violence, of war, of arms, and their use. 'Violence is public or private as it opposes the public or private right.' He then gives a brief account of both the ancient and modern modes of warfare, of the implements of war, and of the different nations who have distinguished themselves in arms, not forgetting the Amazons, and the military prowess of the Anglo-Saxon women. This includes much information in the smallest possible compass, and the facts are disposed so as to be more conspicuous and intelligible than if made to fill copious volumes of turgid declamation. The second and third chapters treat of 'the rights of war in a doubtful cause, and in a certain and just cause.' The various opinions of philosophers for and against the propriety of war are discussed; and it is concluded, that 'the good make war from necessity, and the bad to gratify their inordinate passions; but the philosophers who were guided by reason, and good men, always thought that force, to be legitimate, ought to be regulated by reason and justice, in the same manner as the physical organization is subject to certain definite proportions.' We pass over many interesting particulars in these chapters, to notice more minutely the succeeding one: viz. 'the right of war with respect to neutral states.' From these opinions our readers may form some idea of the princi-

ples inculcated by a neighbouring nation, to open the way to that licentious abuse of power which now unhappily destroys the peace of Europe.

'All those who declare war against their enemies may open, by force of arms, the roads that they find closed. The right of passage, however, authorizes nothing more in neutral countries, than to make use of what is necessary to the subsistence of the soldier, and to the transporting of ammunition, for all of which a just price ought to be paid. All who are obliged to pursue an object and follow an end, ought equally to use the adequate means. Some writers on jurisprudence disapprove of the passage of armies through neutral countries, on account of the damages which usually result: but the contrary is true; since the means necessary to conduct a legitimate action to its end, are also legitimate. They may also erect or demolish fortresses, and take possession of those that exist in neutral countries, if necessary. In the beginning of the last century, prince Eugene of Savoy took possession of Chiari, a city belonging to the Venetians, without paying any attention to the complaints and protestations of the citizens, because it was necessary to resist the superior force of his enemies. It is likewise allowable to seize whatever is carried to the enemy in the way of commerce.'

These sentiments require no comment: they are admirably adapted to promote usurpation; and when once the legitimacy of an object is established, nothing more is wanted to render *all means* of attaining it both *necessary* and *just*. We may only add, that long before Bonaparte's avowal of the right of conquest, these opinions were most industriously disseminated all over the continent in almost every possible manner, in newspapers, papers posted on the walls, &c. 'The presbyter of the order of St. Peter' will probably in no long time have the satisfaction of seeing his principles of public justice acted up to in their fullest extent, without going out of his own country. We did not indeed expect to find the justice of the destruction of the enemy's commerce so explicitly established, and that too by those who have so often vociferated the unmeaning jargon of the *liberty of the seas*. Consistency will sometimes communicate a portion of honour to a ruffian, and of honesty to a robber.

The chapter 'on hostages and prisoners' admits that the former may be put to death by the right of reprisals, but that humanity forbids the exercise of such a right. This is a gross abuse of terms, common to many writers: there can be no *right* in society contrary to humanity; and because one man or nation may act unjustly, surely another man or nation cannot thereby be authorized to do the same. The author concludes his treatise by a chapter 'on duels,' and one 'on private defence;'

in the latter of which he proves it a natural right to kill our adversary, if there remains no other resource to save our own lives. He also touches upon the cases where a husband may kill his wife taken with her gallant, and shews that in such cases the laws only dispense with the punishment, leaving the crime still to exist.

From the above extracts and observations our readers will be enabled to judge of the speculative ideas of jurisprudence in Portugal; and we add with pleasure, that their practical ones are of late still more improved. Was the author as profound as he is agreeable, he would enjoy no inconsiderable rank among writers on this subject.

ART. VII.—*Neuer kritischer Commentar über das Neue Testament, von D. J. Otto. Thiess.*

A new Critical Commentary upon the New Testament. Vol. I. 8vo. Halle. 1804.

THE Germans have long been noted for their critical study of the holy scriptures; and a very eminent divine of the university of Cambridge has distinguished himself by an hypothesis on the origin of the four gospels, which has met with a very favourable reception on that part of the continent. This will be seen from the use made of it in the work before us; which contains much learning and serious discussion, at the same time that it treats some subjects with a freedom which will not be pleasing to the right reverend opponent of the very learned translator of Michaelis. The work is to be contained in five volumes, of which the first embraces the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. In the beginning of this volume the origin of the gospels is investigated. The first accounts were merely manuscripts of disciples to fix in their memory, and bring into a narrow compass, the historical anecdotes of our Saviour, with which they were acquainted. It was some time before a well-arranged history, or complete collection, was thought of, and christian communities were formed and well organised before the want of written instruction was discovered. The apostles and early teachers communicated by word of mouth what was necessary, and of which they were competent witnesses.

The apostles make no reference to a gospel of established authority; and the apostolical fathers and their immediate successors seem to have laid little stress upon any particular collection. The Gospel, according to the Hebrews, was the Gospel simply; but it had no determinate form, like the Torah of the

Jews, and underwent continually various changes both by additions and omissions. In consequence, it is known under the title of the Gospel of the Hebrews, that of the Ebionites, of the Nazareens, and probably of the Egyptians. These gospels were considered by each possessor as a true account of the circumstances delivered to them by the mouth of the apostles. As the gospel spread, this Hebrew gospel was translated into the vulgar Greek of Judea, and the original copies disappeared.—But this is all conjectural: and the question is, whether such an original gospel was ever adopted by a christian community and made part of its service? If we can bring no proof of it, we may rest securely upon the possession of our four gospels, as being those only which were ever universally received as of established authority.

A comparison of the three first gospels leads indeed to the suspicion of a common origin, but we have no data on which to establish the fact. Matthew's gospel might, if it were really written originally in Hebrew, have been looked up to as of superior authority: but in what respect was it altered in the translation? Luke was not acquainted with our gospel of Matthew, as it stands in the present editions of the Testament; but from the original text, or corrections of it, and oral traditions, he supplied defects, as may be seen particularly in the last journey of our Saviour to Jerusalem. Mark could not have had either our Matthew or Luke before him; but drew from the same sources which they did, keeping closer to the substance of the original text, but farther from its arrangement. Be these things as they may, the intelligence imparted is authentic: the history of our Saviour is clearly given, and originated with those who heard his precepts, and were eye-witnesses of his miracles. Tradition was the origin of the gospels, and on their worth tradition decides. The canon against heretics made all apocryphal except the four established on its authority; and in process of time these apocryphal gospels were filled with fables, and became the repositories of the most abject bigotry.

The object of the 'Critical Commentary' is to establish a real gospel, in which the letter and the spirit must be carefully distinguished; and this is to be extracted not only from the four gospels now in use, but from every part of scripture. In establishing this point, neither talent nor industry is wanting, and it was not embraced without deep reflection. The oldest monuments of christian antiquity are examined with great candour and moderation; and what is not clearly determined by them, is left still within the bounds of conjecture. In fact, a variety of arguments is produced to shew that Mark had seen neither our gospel of Matthew nor that of Luke, yet they

cannot boast of novelty. Nor does the retranslation of the Greek expressions of the separate evangelists into Arabic, in two very ingenious instances, which appear to lead to the origin of their difference, afford us by any means assured remains of the original text. It is not very difficult to represent in a couple of periods, a pretended Hebrew original: but before it is adopted, let us reflect, and with the seriousness which the object demands, how little is the knowledge that we possess of the peculiar state of the language spoken by the Jews at Palestine, in the time of our Saviour. The verbal agreement of the three first evangelists in several passages, is a fact which must have had its source in a prior text: to recover at this time of day that text, seems to be both an endless and not a very profitable labour.

An exact comparison of the evangelists, with a view to mark their verbal agreements, has produced an actual improvement of our knowledge, and limited completely what remains to be explained: but on the other hand, the severest scrutiny of all the fragments of the life of Jesus has excited only a variety of surmises on the age of these accounts, over which the veil spread by antiquity is impenetrable. Hypotheses founded on them are merely conjectural; and he who would build his faith upon such slight materials, must be far advanced in the regions of credulity. We have gained much by knowing that, after unwearied enquiries, nothing farther is to be expected in the details of former times; and the author is most to be praised when he is contending against the presumed certainty of various determinate propositions on the existence of our gospels.

We cannot contemplate the work as a complete critique on the biblical intelligence which we possess of the life and doctrine of our Saviour; but in the Commentary many materials for such a critique, and those well worthy of attention, are to be found. This must have been the author's idea, when he named his work 'a Critical Commentary;' for a commentary it must be called, both from the biblical text being explained by paragraphs and in connection, and from the notes, which oftentimes take up four times as much room as the text of the paragraph. His principles are generally good in explaining that circumstances, in some respects disagreeing, are not to be forcibly compelled to an union; nor, on the other hand, is it right to follow some modern instances, and, running into the contrary extreme, overrate the disagreements. Rélations of a fact in common life do not contradict each other, though there is a seeming difference between them, and it is not easy to unite them together in an exact narration; and the difficulties under which the author labours when he would, from

three sources, give a complete detail of a history, must be insurmountable. Where is he to fix his point of view?—and, after all, the result must be problematical, and can never rise to the dignity of history.

In the narrative of the recovery of the daughter of Jaïrus, we have the words of our Saviour thus given: 'The maiden is not dead, she only sleepeth; she is sunk in a swoon.' The language of Christ doubtless related to the fact, but the words 'sunk in a swoon' are the author's own explanation, and are not to be found in any of the three parallel passages. The above narrative is followed by another, the healing of a woman who had for many years laboured under a grievous disorder. The title is thus given by the author: 'A woman diseased for many years is made by him well in an instant, and a maiden is brought back to life.' The commentary thus proceeds:

'Matthew connects these narratives apparently with a preceding one; Mark and Luke have an interval, which is however left void of action. Both confirm the history more than Matthew. They name the person who came to Jesus, describe his station, expressly saying, that he was president of a synagogue. According to Matthew, Jesus went in company with his disciples to his house: according to Mark and Luke, a great multitude was with him. This latter circumstance gave rise to another, which Mark in his usual manner relates most accurately; and it must not be omitted, that he mentions that the woman who, according to the account of all the three, had had an issue of blood for twelve years, was come to Jesus on the report of his fame. Indeed his fame as a worker of miracles went always before him, but on this road it accompanied him with full expectation. For how had the president of the synagogue addressed him, and in what manner was his confidence assured? Can then, might the sick woman think, the man have help from Jesus for his dying or dead daughter, and can and will Jesus ensure this to him, and even instantly? The moment for aid is arrived; and to remove the disorder, it is not necessary to lament before him your distress, (from this she was prevented by female modesty) it is enough, if by any means you can come near him: the power with which he is hurrying to save a dying maiden will, in this happy moment, shed its influence also on you. Thus she fixed her eyes steadily on him in his passage, so that he must stop and feel her touch. A word of comfort was, as the woman expected, all that she received from Jesus; the assurance, both physically and historically true, that in true faith would be her help; and this was enough for her to forget her former distress, and to make her believe that she would be fully healed. Jesus, who could not in the throng confer longer with her, dismissed her with good wishes: but the old gospel understands this exhortation as the faithful woman received it, and establishes as a fact what she presupposed in this creed. Mark and Luke are more careful upon this occasion. The historian, in

case neither he nor the person who gave him information had made more exact inquiries from the woman, might have conjectured the fact from what had previously occurred: he could not conclude with any other consequence, and with this conclusion the narration ends. The diseased woman probably was lost in the crowd, out of which she had stepped forth with great timidity. The gospels take no farther notice of her, but the fabulous histories of the ancient church have erected a splendid memorial to her and her physician.'

The remarks upon this narrative are fewer than on most others; and the author may be followed with greater security when he fixes the historical dates of the circumstances in the text, and explains them with assiduity.

It is the object of the writer to present cursorily, first, the narratives which occur in the three gospels; and on this account a section in this volume is entitled, 'a review of Matthew, Mark, and Luke,' where they agree: in a second section are contained the deviations of Matthew, Mark, and Luke from each other, where a contradiction in the relaters might be allowable: and in the third section is the peculiar information of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, on the facts which, as it should seem, were unknown to the other evangelists. Upon the whole, the remarks are too many rather than too few; and, as it often happens in books with more note than text, several expressions and applications are selected, merely for the sake of the remark. But on the other hand, this extension of the notes will be found very useful; since in them are so many important interpretations of ancient and modern writers, and much literary information on the sources whence may be derived the best interpretations of separate passages.

Among the latest writers, the name of Paulus very frequently occurs; and many of his most important interpretations are introduced. But the work descends to the lowest minutiæ for intelligence, and even essays in the latest journals are noticed. This implies very great labour and industry in the commentator, both of which might in this respect assuredly have been spared. Yet with all its excess and defects, the work will be found very useful to the student; who will pursue his course by means of the paragraphs to a true critical acquaintance with both the history and doctrine of the New Testament, provided he keeps his eyes on the original Greek, and examines both the text and the commentary with impartiality. In this way the work may lead to a future production, which shall throw light on the doctrine and history of our Saviour; and the teachers of true religion will thus be led to fix their attention on real critical examination, and not on the traditions of their predecessors.

ART. VIII.—*Memoires d'un Père, &c. Oeuvres posthumes de Marmontel.*

Memoirs of a Father, written for the Instruction of his Children; the posthumous Works of M. Marmontel, Historiographer of France, and Perpetual Secretary to the French Academy. 4 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1*l.* 10*s.* *ditto* 12*mo.* 1*l.* Paris. 1804. Imported by Deconchy.

'IT is for my children that I write the history of my life; their mother wished it:' so says the author, who thus briefly introduces his work, which we shall as briefly proceed to analyse, without stopping to inquire what may be the value, the object, the authenticity, or the utility, of histories of literary men, written by themselves. Writers of their own memoirs, have, from St. Augustin to Marmontel, generally been such slaves to vanity or ambition, that their lives can never present either a very favourable or moral picture of human nature, and consequently can but ill serve the purpose of instruction. Madame Marmontel has thought otherwise; and we shall endeavour to enable our readers to judge of the prudence or folly of her wishes.

M. Marmontel has not condescended to mention the year of his birth; but his editor, in a short advertisement, remarkable only for its ignorance and vanity, observes,

'These Memoirs are the last work of the late John Francis Marmontel, though they were almost all written three years before his death. He was born in 1723, arrived at Paris in 1745, and died in 1799; having thus lived *the whole* of the 18th century. His connections, society, attachments, places of residence, labours, have made him acquainted, during this long space of time, with the most distinguished persons. Indeed there scarcely lived one celebrated woman, during that period, of whatever character she may be, who has not her portrait in this vast exhibition. What copious memoranda must he be possessed of who has seen and conversed with Massillon, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, and who has been a member of one of our national assemblies!'

Memoranda undoubtedly of the utmost importance, if presented to the mind of a Gibbon, a Robertson, a Montesquieu, or even a St. Real, or a Condillac; but which have only produced in that of our tale-telling author, a very inferior continuation of his Tales, by some strange misnomer ycleped Moral. In these Memoirs there is the same neglect of chronological order, as there is of morality in the above-mentioned Tales: indeed neither the one nor the other ever seem to have entered the writer's mind; and it will appear in the sequel how

far such a character was capable of treating on the sacred sentiments of morality. Our hero commences with a minute but highly coloured description of his birth-place:

'The village of Bort, situated on the Dordogne, between Auvergne and Limosin, at the bottom of a precipice, perpetually menaced with a deluge from the torrents formed by the storms, or in danger of being crushed by a chain of volcanic rocks.'

The inhabitants of this 'mountain-girt hamlet,' he describes as living in a state of equality, possessing nearly equal portions of land, of cattle, of fruits, and of houses, enjoying the most friendly and hospitable intercourse, and maintaining the frank and lofty nobleness of nature, uncorrupted by any degrading humiliation, and no where, he observes, 'was foolish pride so ill received, or so soon corrected.' This may have been true seventy years ago; but we well know that there is not a more proud, obstinate, covetous, illiberal, and unfeeling people, in Europe, than those mountaineers of the present day. Hardy, laborious, and stupid, unaccustomed to any other food than garlic, chesnuts, and very coarse black rye-bread, they were consequently admirably adapted to serve in the armies, to which they were driven in herds like cattle. The few that escaped took refuge in Spain, where about 50,000 contrive to live in the southern provinces, and the entire race is rapidly approaching to extinction.

From these desultory recollections we learn that the author owes his existence to two of these mountaineers, by no means distinguished from their fellow peasants; and that his father was remarkable only for his unfeeling stupidity, in imagining that learning Latin would make his son a sluggard, whilst his mother is extolled as 'the most worthy, the most interesting, and the most amiable of women.' In a nunnery he learned to read: but nature, he says, had refused him the gift of memory; and though he could retain the sense of what he read, the words left no more trace in his head than writing on a quicksand. By the tender assiduity of his mother, who not only stimulated him to perseverance, but had the address to interest some of the superior clergy in his behalf, he was admitted into the college of Mauriac, with a knowledge of grammar far short of the other students of the class in which he was received. Here he was assisted by an old Jesuit, father Bourges, an able Latin scholar, and the continuer of Vannière; whom he attended in saying mass, and whose pious emotions, accompanied with sweatings and tremblings during that period, were as great 'as if the Holy Ghost had actually descended.' The author, influenced by respect for the memory of his benefactor, wisely restrains himself from

making any sarcastic observation on this 'holy madness.' By the paternal instructions of this good Jesuit, and his own incessant study, he soon acquired some knowledge of the Latin language; but to rise in the class it was necessary to commit to memory* considerable portions of Ovid and Virgil, an exercise to which he confesses himself indebted for the suppleness and docility of his memory. It is here that his extravagant vanity begins to be unfolded; and, borrowing the hint from Dr. Johnson, he is continually complaining of having no memory, and continually astonishing his masters by the unparalleled extent of his learning and his powers of repetition, in all of which memory, and not judgment, is alone concerned. At this college he remained from the age of eleven to fifteen, maintaining himself always first in his class. He imparts to us the interesting information that the annual expence of his board and lodging at college amounted to four or five guineas; nor does he neglect to praise his hempen clothes, his chesnuts, and his rye-bread. After exciting a rebellion in the college, he retires to his father's house; becomes enamoured of one of his young neighbours, from whom he exacts a promise not to marry without previously acquainting his mother or him, but whom he afterwards treats with the most unfeeling neglect: sets out with his father to Clermont, avowedly to learn some business, but really to enter at the college there: applies to be admitted in the class of philosophy in this college, where his learning, talents, and youth, astonish all the grey-headed professors, who at length receive him with admiration. Previously, however, to leaving off all pretensions to business, he had a revelation that invited him to the priesthood, and which he immediately communicated in the most pious manner to his father, by way of inducing him to consent. This scheme, believed and supported by his mother, had its effect, and he remained at the college of Clermont till the death of his father again called him home. Now at liberty to pursue his own choice, he resolved on going to Toulouse. On his journey he was detained at the muleteer's; where, though in the dress of an abbé, he humorously admonished the muleteer's pretty daughter, by relating a pretended dream, to decline taking the veil; but refused her hand, and with it her father's wealth. In the convent of the Bernardines he became professor of philosophy at seventeen years

* This custom, still used in the extreme, has contributed no little to make the French youth rather Roman parrots than good Latin scholars; and we have often met with young men who could repeat by rote some of the luscious epistles of Ovid, or even a book of the Æneid, without being able to construe a dozen lines of Horace or Juvenal.

of age (the editor says, fifteen); mounting the rostrum, he delivered an address extempore to his pupils, that amazed and confounded the illiterate monks, and made him the idol of the community. During the five years of his gradation he obtained a *bourse* of 200 livres (8l. 6s. 8d.) in the college of St. Catherine of Toulouse: at the same time he annually gained two or three prizes of the academies of Toulouse and Montalban, and obtained the office of assistant in the former. Elated with his extraordinary success, he introduced himself to Voltaire, who answered him in the most friendly manner, presenting him with a copy of his works, and inviting him to settle in Paris. This determined his fate: disgusted with the priestly state, and flattered with the hope of ministerial protection by Voltaire, he immediately visited his mother, in order to take her advice, who, with more ambition than piety, boldly recommended his instant departure for Paris, and commissioned him to offer her homage to Voltaire, by assuring him that she had committed to memory two stanzas on hope in the Henriade.

Hitherto we have only glanced at our hero in the pursuit of his studies; but nearly one half his time and of this work are occupied with pompous descriptions of the incessant ebbings and flowings of the 'milk of human kindness,' which continually displayed itself in his floods of tears, his groans, sighs, sobs, quakings, convulsive throes, cold perspirations, forebodings, swoonings, and all the strange emotions with which every reader of his Tales must have long since been sickened. We are now to consider him in another character: the tender attachments of his mother, his fair villager, the curate's niece, the muleteer's daughter, the crowning with laurels for prize-poems, &c. are all forgotten. Marmontel makes his debut at Paris in his twenty-third year, is congratulated by Voltaire, but disappointed of a place by the disgrace of the minister Orri, and commences his literary career as an author by profession. On his journey to Paris he translated part of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock.' This translation being well received, introduced him to the fashionable world; and in 1746 he gained a prize from the academy. By the advice and with the instruction of Voltaire, he devoted himself to the study of the theatre, through whose influence he had obtained a free admission. Two years afterwards he produced his Dionysius the Tyrant on the theatre, with the most complete success; and he relates with no little self-complaisance, that the Merope of Voltaire was the first, and Dionysius the second piece, the merit of which induced the audience to call for the author to make his appearance on the stage. Indeed we are not much surprised that the very weak and superficial

mind of Marmontel should, after this most ridiculous stage-exhibition, be quite bewildered, and we accordingly find him abandoned to every excess that can arise from vanity and avarice. With the long details of his amours with Mlle. Navarre, mistress to the marechal de Saxe, the actress Clairon, Mlle. Verrieres, another mistress of the above-mentioned warrior, Mlle. S——, &c. &c. we shall not sully our pages, but extract the only reflections that occurred to his mind after the description of this indiscriminate licentiousness.

'Here, my children, I throw a veil over my deplorable follies. Although I was then very young, and that the time be now long past, it is not in a state of intoxication and delirium that I wish to appear before you.—Ah! my children, what folly is there like that of a young man who believes in the fidelity of a woman, already celebrated for her weakness, and whom the attractions of pleasure have caused to lose sight of modesty!—I then perceived how much the sentiment of self-love and wounded vanity entered into the vexations and chagrins of an amour.'

There is no doubt that vanity is the parent of licentiousness, but it is something more criminal that stimulates the profligate to the recital of their debaucheries.

In 1749 Aristomene appeared, and so did the author a second time, on the stage: the following year he finished 'negligently' his Cleopatra; and in 1752 his Heraclidæ was totally damned. After this misfortune madame de Pompadour, the king's mistress, placed him in the capacity of secretary to her brother, and in time procured him the commission of editor of the Mercure de la France. By the aid of D'Alembert, Duclos, and the duke de Choiseul, he was elected a member of the French academy in 1763. During this time the author boasts of his 'being all things to all men.' He observes of himself, *omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status et res:* a procurer to every minister, the idol of the green-room virgins, the champion and flatterer of every lively prostitute, the sycophant of every philosopher, the succedaneum of every cast-off mistress, the gourmand of every dainty, and the high-priest of debauchery,—such was the tender, the pathetic author of the 'Contes Moraux'!!! We should have wished that he had extended the veil over more of his follies, not to say crimes, had it not been that the reading of these memoirs must unquestionably rouse the reflection of those few who may still admire his Tales, and to whose perusal we earnestly recommend this work. Of those Tales, his chief and ever-boasted work, which were originally published in the Mercure, it may be observed, that they are generally tender, sometimes pathetic, often feeble, not unfrequently inelegant, always de-

stitute of simplicity, and never moral. Their gross immorality indeed must be evident to every reader, as the author is continually attempting to apologize for licentiousness, and torturing his imagination to bestow on it all the native loveliness of virtue. He also insidiously arraigns the dispensations of Providence, as in the Shepherdess of the Alps, the model of which was a miss Lolote, the mistress of lord Albemarle, then English ambassador, who died at Paris.

We pass over in silence the odious bestiality of M. de la Popliniere, and the dinners, or rather feasts of lewdness, at Pelletier's, to notice our author's account of the company at the literary or philosophical dinners of mesdames Tencin and Geoffrin. We shall translate, literally, the portraits, or rather the feeble indistinct shades, which he has given of some of the great men of France. We cannot however avoid premising that he has grossly traduced the amiable character of Montesquieu, in accusing him of that which was the characteristic of his other associates, vanity; and we sincerely hope that he has no less calumniated his female companions, in assuming as a fact their indiscriminate prostitution. The men he describes, were like himself, base, servile, place-hunters. If these circumstances, whatever they may be at present, were true fifty years ago, it is not surprising that a horrible revolution should ensue.

'*D'Alembert.*—Of this society, the man the most animated, the most gay, the most amusing in his gaiety, was D'Alembert. After having passed his morning in the study of algebra, or in solving problems in dynamics or astronomy, he sallied out like a boy escaped from school, whose sole wish was to enjoy himself: and by the lively and pleasant turn which his mind then took, that mind, so luminous, so profound, and so solid, he made us forget the learned philosopher in the amiable man. The source of this enjoyment, so natural, was a pure mind, free from the control of passions, satisfied with itself, and every day enjoying some new truth which came to recompense and crown his labour; an exclusive privilege of the science of mathematics, and which no other kind of study is able fully to obtain.

'*Mairan.*—The serenity of Mairan, and his disposition, mild and gentle, owed its origin to the same causes and the same principle. Age had done for him what nature had done for D'Alembert; it had tempered all the emotions of his mind: the warmth that remained was only displayed in vivacity; his mind, though a Gascon, was sedate, correct, and prudent; his way of thinking original; his wit free and acute. It is true the philosopher of Beziers was sometimes anxious concerning what passed in China; but when he had received news from thence, by some letter from his friend, father Parennin, joy gave new brilliancy to his conversation. O, my children! what souls like those that are not dis-

turbed but with the movements of the ecliptic or the manners and arts of China! No vice degrades them; no regret wears them away; no passion grieves and torments them: they are free; they are in possession of that liberty which is the companion of joy, and without which no gaiety can be pure and lasting.

'*Marivaux.*—Marivaux also would willingly have been possessed of this cheerful temper, but he had something on his mind that occupied him without intermission, and that gave him an air of anxiety. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtle and refined wit, he believed himself obliged never to lose sight of that character, and he was continually on the watch for ideas that would bear opposition or analysis, that he might make them play contrary parts, or submit them to the alembic. He agreed that such a thing was true till a certain point, or under certain circumstances; but there was always some restriction, always some distinction to make, that he only had been aware of. This laborious attention was difficult to himself, and often painful to others; but there sometimes resulted from it happy acute observations, and brilliant flashes of wit. Nevertheless, by the inquietude of his looks, it was obvious that he was in pain either for the success that he had met with or expected to meet with. There never was, I believe, self-love more delicate, more ticklish *(chatouilleux)*, and more timid; but as he managed carefully that of others, his own was respected; and the only cause of regret was, that he could not prevail upon himself to be simple and natural.

'*Chastelleux.*—The chevalier Chastelleux, whose wit was never clear, though it flowed in an abundant stream, and in whom the light and vapoury clouds that hung over his thoughts were from time to time pierced by a lively glimmering, enriched this society with a temper the most attractive, joined to uprightness the most amiable. Whether it was, that, distrusting the justness of his ideas, he sought to make himself sure, or whether he wished to purify those ideas in the crucible of discussion, he was fond of, and willingly engaged in dispute, but always with candour and like a gentleman; and as soon as the truth was manifest to him, whether it came from himself or from others, he was satisfied. Never man made a better use of his wit, for the purpose of enjoying that of others: a witticism that he heard uttered, an ingenious trait, a good story, delighted him; you might see him start with joy; and as the conversation grew more brilliant, the eyes and countenance of Chastelleux became animated; every successful sally flattered him as much as if it had been his own.

'*Saint Lambert.*—Saint Lambert, a man of nice though cold politeness, displayed in conversation that vein of elegant and fine humour, by which his writings are distinguished. Without being naturally gay, he was enlivened by the gaiety of others: and in a literary or philosophical discourse no one talked with more sound sense or more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and of which he still retained the ton.

'*Helvetius.*—Helvetius, possessed with the ambition of literary celebrity, used to come among us, his head not yet cool from the labour of the morning. To be the author of a book that might be distinguished in the age in which he lived, his first care had been to seek either some new truth to give to the world, or some bold and new thought to bring forward and to support. Now since new truths of importance have been infinitely scarce for the last two thousand years, he took for his thesis the paradox that he has developed in his book De l'Esprit. Whether therefore he had forced himself to believe that of which he wished to persuade others, or whether he was still debating with himself against his own private doubts, and practising himself in getting the better of them, we amused ourselves in seeing the subjects which occupied him, or the difficulties about which he was labouring, brought forward on the *tapis* in his presence, and after letting him have the pleasure of hearing them discussed for some time, we induced him, almost without his being aware of it, to join in our discourses. On these occasions he gave himself up unreservedly and with warmth; as simple, as natural, as unaffected, in his familiar conversation, as he is systematical and sophistical in his works. Nothing less resembles the ingenuousness of his disposition and habits of life than the premeditated and factitious singularity of his writings. This dissimilarity will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who labour to think of strange and extravagant things. There was not a better man: liberal, generous without ostentation, and beneficent because he was good, he contrived to calumniate all men of worth and even himself, by allowing to moral actions no other motive than that of interest; but setting aside his books, he was beloved, such as he was, and it will soon be seen how agreeable his house was to men of letters. The feelings of Helvetius were the direct contrary of what he has expressed in his writings.

'*Thomas.*—A man still more infatuated with the love of fame, was Thomas; but he, with more consistency, looked for success only from the rare talent which he possessed of expressing his sentiments and ideas. His lofty eloquence never failed to give to common subjects an air of originality; to develope known truths in a new manner, to amplify them and to adorn them. His grave disposition was mild but collected; he was silent; the enjoyment he derived from conversation rarely drew a smile from him, and to that conversation he never contributed. It was even seldom that he gave his opinion on subjects that were congenial to him, unless it were in a small society where he was very intimate; it was there only that his brilliancy dazzled, that his fertility of resources astonished. He made one at our dinners, and it was only his literary merit and moral qualities that there procured him consideration. Thomas always sacrificed to truth, to virtue, to fame; never to the graces; and he lived in an age in which, without the favour and assistance of the graces, no brilliant reputation was to be attained in literature.

'*Mlle. Lespinasse.*—*Apropos* of the graces, let us turn to a person upon whom their every charm of wit and language was lavished; who was the only female that madame Geoffrin admitted to her

literary dinners: this was the friend * of D'Alembert, Mlle. Lespinasse; an astonishing compound of *bienséance*, of good sense, of prudence, with a head the most lively, a soul the most ardent, and an imagination the most inflammable that has existed since the days of Sappho. That fire which circulated in her veins and gave life to her nerves, which imparted so much activity, so much brilliancy, and so many attractions, consumed her prematurely. Her presence at our parties was a source of inexpressible interest. Continually the object of attention, whether she listened or whether she talked herself (and nobody talked better) she inspired us with the innocent desire of pleasing her, without coquetry; she gave to the freedom of discourse as much latitude as she could without alarming the feelings of modesty, or without wounding decorum.

'*L'abbé Raynal.*—In the circle of our guests, there were some idle ones, who only consulted their own gratification; well-informed men nevertheless, but penurious of their wealth, and who came to reap, without giving themselves the trouble to sow. Of this number assuredly the abbé Raynal was not one; and in the use which he made of that instruction of which he possessed so large a stock, if he sometimes indulged in excess, it was not in excess of œconomy. The robust vigour of his philosophy had not yet discovered itself; the vast mass of his knowledge was not yet fully formed; sagacity, justness, precision, were as yet the most marked qualities of his mind, and he added thereto a goodness of heart, and an amenity of manners, which rendered him dear to us all. It was observable however that the facility of his elocution, and the copiousness of his memory, were not sufficiently tempered. His rapid utterance was such as rarely to admit of dialogue; it is only in his old age, that, grown less lively and less copious, he has tasted the pleasure of conversation.'

The abbés Morellet and Galiani, the marquis de Caraccioli, afterwards ambassador from Naples, and the count de Creutz, from Sweden, form the remainder of the portraits, of which the outlines are here delineated with a flattering but feeble pencil. In these puny sketches we perceive nothing of that energy of mind, that judgment, perspicuity, or acuteness of discrimination, which seizes, developes, and analyzes every feature in the character of great men. The works of Marmontel are the fruits rather of memory than of judgment or imagination.

The concluding volumes are occupied with some original and very interesting details on the origin and progress of the revolution, which we may perhaps lay before our readers on a future occasion. At present we shall only observe, that these Memoirs are to be read but not studied; for though

'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen,'

'Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
'We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

* It is unnecessary to explain the *French* meaning of the word *friend*, when used between the sexes.

ART. IX.—*O Filosofo Discursivo, &c.*

A Philosophical Discussion on the History of Philosophy, and the Physical Principles of Matter. By the Friar Manuel de Santa Anna, Ex-Lecturer of Theology. Small 8vo. Lisbon. 1803.

'SOME of the finest pieces of antiquity,' says Melmoth, 'are written in the dialogue manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidst the amicable opposition of well regulated converse. It is probable indeed that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversation than they are of ours, as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now, perhaps, restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something likewise in the very scenes themselves where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel; their rooms and gardens were generally adorned with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world, and while Socrates and Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable therefore that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue manner, were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors, but faithful transcripts from real life; and it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarce name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice.'

Whether the above writer would have thought the present Portuguese composition deserving of his praise, we shall not undertake to conjecture; suffice it to say, that signor de Santa Anna has followed the plan adopted by Plato and Cicero, and thrown his philosophical discussion into the form of a dialogue. We scarcely know how to treat his work. Perhaps we cannot give our readers a better idea of it than by laying before them an analysis or synopsis of its contents, which, though they may seem uninstructive from their want of novelty, are yet interesting from the judiciousness and perspicuity of their arrangement. But if our readers think this tedious, what would they say to the numberless works of the Spanish and Portuguese writers on scholastic divinity, many

of whom (Tostatus for instance) have written thirty, forty, and even fifty volumes? One would think that this was sufficient to rescue these nations from the charge of indolence so usually ascribed to them!

The author modestly prefaces his work by addressing his friend Belisario, with whom he has before had frequent arguments on subjects of moral philosophy.

'I shall make your friend, Arnaldo,' says he, 'a man in love with the sciences, speak in this Dissertation. This will explain what is to be understood by the letter *A*, and by the letter *B*, you, Belisario, will propose the doubts that may occur to you. This same Arnaldo will declare to you that he aims at nothing more than to instruct, and that of the goodness of this work he will repeat what Martial said to Avitus of his epigrams, "Of these, my epigrams, some are good, others may be read, and many are worth nothing;" but in any other manner, which shall not unite a certain portion of good and bad, I know not how it is possible to compose a book.'

We observe, by the way, that if signor de Santa Anna were to take his passage on board the Lisbon packet, and make a short visit to this country, he would soon discover that it is very possible to compose books which shall be entirely free from the union he speaks of.

In treating of the deluge in the first chapter, the faithfulness of tradition is thus defended.—Adam lived to the age of 930; Methusalem was born A. M. 687, consequently was contemporary with our first parent 243 years, and also with Shem, the son of Noah, 100 years. In this manner the necessary revelation made to Adam by the Supreme Being, and the result of his own knowledge and experience, might be communicated to Shem. Isaac was contemporary with the latter 50 years, consequently might make his son Jacob acquainted with the philosophy of the antediluvian world. Moses was born 74 years after the death of Joseph, the son of Jacob, whose grandchildren therefore could inform the author of the Pentateuch of the history of the creation.

As a proof (but not a very satisfactory one) that the ideas of the Jews on the heavenly bodies were not entirely unphilosophical, we are referred to the sublime description of the stars in the prophet Isaiah, and David's description of the heavens in the Psalms. These passages, perhaps, might have been more fairly introduced to attest the poetical than the philosophical talents of those writers.

The second chapter is introduced by a strenuous denial of the position, that the origin of philosophy is to be attributed to the Greeks. 'Adam,' says our author, 'communicated it to the Chaldæans; it was by them transmitted to the He-

brews, and thence handed down successively to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. Those whom we call *philosophers*, were distinguished among the Jews by the title of Rabbi; the Persians gave them the name of Magi; by the Assyrians and Indians they were called Gymnosophists; by the Gauls, Druids, &c. Hesiod and his works are spoken of, though it does not appear that our author has ever read them; with Homer however he is much better acquainted, upon whose writings, and Longinus's panegyric upon them, he has several pages. His observations upon the birth-place, &c. of the seven wise men, and the literary works attributed to them, form a biographical sketch which is exceedingly interesting. He then passes over to Plutarch; Pythagoras, who first took the name of philosopher; Zeno, and his tenets, 'that great part of science consists in being ignorant of things that ought not to be known; that a true friend is another self; and that a very little thing gives perfection to a work, although perfection is not a little thing.' He then treats his readers with a pretty long dissertation on the Academics and their philosophy; quotes the praises bestowed by Cicero upon Dicæarchus, the Messenian; glances at Socrates; from whence he is naturally enough led into the subject of the Heathen mythology, and thinks that the character of Jupiter, however faulty and contradictory, sufficiently evinces that the ancients had an idea of one Supreme and Omnipotent Being.

The character of Epicurus, and the philosophers who took his name, is detailed much at length. That of Cicero is well drawn, and shews great reading, and an intimate acquaintance with all the works of that great orator and philosopher, as well as much discrimination of character, and more knowledge of human nature than we are apt to allow to an inhabitant of a cloister.

But the greatest share of learning and address is displayed in the third chapter; in which is traced, with diligence and fidelity, the revival of learning after the dark ages; the introduction of the Greek language into Europe, and that of the Aristotelian philosophy along with it, by the Saracens, upon whom he bestows deserved commendations; neither do his national or religious prejudices induce him to pass over an important fact, that the ecclesiastics of the Romish church were first roused from their lethargy of ignorance by the Mahommedan authors, Averroes, Avicenna, and Algazel, the learned disciples of the famous academy at Cordova. The commentaries of these learned infidels on the philosophy of Aristotle, and their zealous but ingenious publications against the christian religion, acted as a spur to the indolent and voluptuous professors of the catholic faith; and had it not

been for the intemperate and ill-timed zeal of the followers of Mahomed, who, while they communicated their learning to the more unenlightened christians, also stimulated them to make the most efficient use of it, the soporific influence of the dark ages might have long brooded over Europe, and the crescent maintained its haughty pre-eminence, to which nations wrapped in ignorance, oppressed at once by feudal nobles, and an intolerant priesthood, could have opposed but a feeble resistance.

But to return to our author, whose other remarks on the subject which he is now treating of are correct and interesting. The christian Moors (*i. e.* the Spaniards, who by constant intercourse had acquired a knowledge of Arabic, and were persuaded by the superior learning and address of their teachers to embrace Mahomedism) acquired a knowledge of Greek in conjunction with the Arabic, and soon neglected or forgot their own corrupt jargon of Latin; from these, when the Moorish power began to decline, and literature tomake some progress in Europe towards the middle of the fifteenth century, the christians began to learn Greek, became curious to understand the works of Aristotle, and repel the attacks made on christianity by the more learned Arabians; hence arose the sect of the *Scholastics*, and that species of theology which, even in these enlightened days, is taught in the Spanish and Portuguese universities.

After lamenting the ignorance, barbarity, political factions, and religious dissensions, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; after bewailing the evils that accrued to 'the true religion' from the captivity of seventy years, during which the head of the christian church was forced to reside at Avignon; and still more from the schism of forty years which succeeded, when two popes, and even three, were seen, all having their partisans, all reviling and excommunicating one another, loading each other with disgusting reproaches and imputations of the basest crimes, lively exposures, which at once covered both rivals with ignominy; he acknowledges his gratitude to the Greeks who fled from Constantinople in 1439 to avoid the horrors of a Turkish invasion, taught their language to the Italians, who had already advanced far beyond any other European nation in letters and refinement, and contributed materially to the civilization of Europe.

Belisario here asks for information relative to the progress of astronomy, and thus gives Arnaldo an opportunity of discussing the characters, acquirements, and fate of Copernicus, Galileo, &c. together with the improvements made by each of them; also of the circumnavigators Columbus, Drake, and others. He then goes back to the scholastic divinity of

St. Thomas, Duns Scotus, and our countryman Oakham, who died A. D. 1347, 'and who left behind him,' says our author, 'many works, in which we may admire the vastness of his genius, and his excessive subtlety.'

The account of the origin and progress of alchemy is not unentertaining; but the treatise on salts, sulphur, mercury, phlegm, and caput mortuum, are unphilosophical and dry. High praises are bestowed on the talents of Leibnitz, who is supposed to have died of chagrin because he could not claim the merit of Newton's discovery of the differential calculus. The story of this attempt would not unaptly elucidate the real character and genius of many of the French *soi-disant* discoverers. This chapter is closed with a defensive view of Christianity, more plausible and ingenious than profound; and with a refutation of Spinoza, Voltaire, and other *professors of reason*. 'As we must use reason for the purpose of speaking or acting,' says signor de Sta. Anna, 'so must we use faith for the purpose of believing.' This is not quite consistent with the dogma of St. Augustine, with which, as a zealous catholic, our author might have been expected to be acquainted and to acquiesce: 'Nihil in ecclesiâ Catholicâ salubrius, quam ut rationi præcedat autoritas.'

The fourth chapter is but short: the hypotheses of chemists, mathematicians, and metaphysicians, are compared. Speaking of the elements, and their effects upon the senses, our author observes, in a note somewhat *original*, that all the senses are reducible to that of touching, or coming in contact; 'sounds *touch* the ear, savory substances the palate, odours the olfactory nerves, and colours the visual ray, which touches the optic nerve.'

Much of the concluding chapter is in the style of Aristotle, and the chemists of the 15th and 16th centuries. The last subject upon which Arnaldo undertakes to instruct his friend, is a very difficult one; it is on the connection between matter and form. We shall translate a few passages; though we fear they will add little to our stock of knowledge, and only shew how idle are such speculations.

'The connection between matter and form may be considered in a metaphysical and physical sense; the former is an abstract sense, in this only can consist the connection, which is co-existent with matter itself; this connection is different from all the operations which are peculiar to matter, so that to this compound is attached the reason of its peculiar nature, its peculiar origin, and cause of motion and rest. In this circumstance then of a co-existent and specific origin, consists the connection between form and matter, speaking in a metaphysical and abstract sense. In a physical sense, the form

of a natural compound may consist in the combination, harmony, and texture of the particles of matter, which essentially unite themselves only to the same matter.'

Thus concludes the 'Philosophical Discussion on the History of Philosophy;' the style of which is clear, concise, and animated, and the work (to say the least of it) contains more facts than are usually to be found in so limited a compass, though in his knowledge and statements of those facts it will be observed that the author is not always perfectly correct. Few or none of the important opinions of both ancient and modern writers on philosophy are omitted, and they are generally detailed with candour and impartiality; he has sometimes indeed chastised the vanity and folly of even *orthodox* French authors. But it were much to be wished, to borrow Melmoth's opinions a second time, that the conversation in performances of this nature might not be conducted in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by another, as in the present case; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

ART. X.—*Hannover wie es war, ist, und werden wind. Hanover as it was, is, and will be.* 8vo. 1805. Place where printed not mentioned.

THE situation of Hanover is likely to excite complaint, and the suffering author is not very merciful to those whom he supposes to have had a share in producing the miseries of his country. The government feels very sharply the lash of his censure: but when it is compared with the others in Germany, less reason seems to arise for complaint; and perhaps the Hanoverian administration was the first in one respect, that it was not solely employed in increasing its finances, but paid as much attention to the comfort of its subjects as the extension of its revenue.

'The king,' says the author, 'could not at London inspect the affairs of Hanover but through the medium of the regency, presented to him by one of that body. How difficult is it for a sovereign in person to inspect his affairs! How impossible then must it be for one separated by land and sea from his people? The conviction that we can do every thing, and be liable to scarcely any controul, leads inevitably to abuses of which the most incorrigible, and in its consequences the most dangerous, is *das satrapisiren*,

the converting of the government into a satrapy. Pride, ostentation, nepotism, indolence, and a thousand other evils flow from this source. Indolence and the actual want of capacity and talent for business in the individual raised to a share in the regency merely from family connections, transfer the affairs of state and the welfare of the country into the hands of subalterns, or another race of inferior satraps, who are more oppressive, insolent, and odious, than their superiors; for what may be forgiven in a master, or scarcely be endured in him, becomes outrageous in a servant. This is the natural process of a government under such circumstances.'

This is without doubt exaggeration, and the distance of the sovereign would not have been of such importance if the connection between him, the regency, and the country, had been established upon a better foundation. On this absence the author harps, and the connection between England and Hanover has been according to him the ruin of the latter. In England we are apt to think that it has been of no benefit to this country, and the separation will be hailed at the ensuing peace as a salutary measure by all parties.

The state of the military is represented to have been very deplorable, far beyond what a more accurate knowledge of the country would justify. There were indeed defects in it; and the want of funds and arrangements for the recruiting service was a great injury to the country. But to accuse the regency of a desire to depress the military, is mere calumny; as is also much that is too rashly advanced on the conduct of persons high in command. The Hanoverian soldiers have been remarked also for their attachment to the service. In the late war, between the years 1793 and 1795, there were not ten deserters among twenty thousand men, and no country can boast of greater proofs of valour than have been displayed by them on various fields of battle.

The debts of the country are represented to be insurmountable. The expenditure exceeds the income; nay, the debt of the country exceeds the actual value of its capital. In such a state it is scarcely necessary to enquire how it was lost. The want of plan in England for its relief is inexplicable. The difference between the regency and the field-marshal was a fatal blow. The latter would not collect his troops, till they were all capable of being put into motion. The proper steps were delayed by the regency; and when they consented to their being taken, it was too late. Hence the French were on the banks of the Weser before the troops were collected, and disorder and confusion prevailed in all their future motions.

The regency perhaps was of opinion that resistance was to no purpose, and would only increase their disasters. But nei-

ther they nor others in connection with them merit the treatment which they receive in this work. The author, with reason, laments the situation into which his country is thrown, but he has by no means painted in strong colours the general misery which it has occasioned. Hanover was allowed to be neutral last war, and was considered as part of Germany; it is now torn from the empire, yet no one seems to have pity on its fate; it is left in the hands of the French without remonstrance; and its connection with England, from which it can derive no benefit, is an excuse for withdrawing from it that protection to which it has a right as a branch of the empire.

ART. XI.—*Histoire de l'Empéreur Charlemagne.*

History of the Emperor Charlemagne: a free Translation from the German of Professor Hegewisch. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

OF all the historians who have appreciated the character of Charlemagne, Voltaire perhaps has treated him with the greatest severity. This philosopher, whose sentiments on religion were so far unbiassed by partiality for any particular sect as to allow toleration in its utmost latitude, could not forbear expressing his indignation against his conduct towards the Saxons; and notwithstanding all that was done by that prince to re-establish learning in Europe, he could not consider Charlemagne in any other light than that of an illustrious barbarian. He speaks of him in several places in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, and in no passage does he bestow his eulogium without restriction; on the contrary, in almost all he seems to take delight in depressing him. 'The reputation of Charlemagne, says he, (Vol. xiv, page 336) is one of the greatest proofs that success justifies injustice, and confers glory.' And in speaking of his war against the Saxons, he says (pages 338 and 339), 'Charlemagne, the most ambitious, the most politic, and the greatest warrior of his age, waged war against the Saxons for thirty years, before he entirely reduced them under his subjection; and he put to death four thousand five hundred prisoners. If these prisoners had been rebellious subjects, such a chastisement would have been a most horrible cruelty; but to treat in this manner men who fought for their liberty and laws, is the deed of a robber, whom great success, and qualities in other respects brilliant, have contributed to make a great man.'

In another passage: 'Charlemagne died in 814, with the

reputation of an emperor as happy as Augustus, as great a warrior as Adrian, but not with the reputation of a Trajan, or an Antonine, to whom no sovereign has ever deserved to be compared.' Again: 'The curiosity of men, which penetrates into the private lives of princes, has wished to be informed of the retirement and pleasures of Charlemagne. It has been said that his attachment to the fair sex was so great, that he even connected himself with his own daughters. The church has enrolled in the number of her saints that man, who shed so much blood, who robbed his nephews, and who was suspected of incest.' His efforts to revive literature, to which he could not but do justice, are thus described. 'The sciences and fine arts could have but feeble beginnings in those extensive and barbarous countries. Eginhard, the secretary of Charlemagne, informs us that this conqueror did not know how to write his own name: yet the force of his own genius taught him the necessity and utility of learning. He sent for masters of grammar and arithmetic from Rome; for from the ruins of imperial Rome, the West, which was then as it were in embryo, still sought the supply of all its wants. Alcuin the famous Englishman, and Peter of Pisa, *who taught a little grammar to Charlemagne*, had both studied at Rome.'

Voltaire is still more severe upon him in his *Annales de l'Empire*, which have indeed the least merit of all his works. 'This monarch,' says he, 'was at the bottom, like all other conquerors, an usurper. His father had been a rebel; and all those who refuse to submit to a new domination, are entitled rebels by historians. He usurped the half of France from his brother Carloman, who died too suddenly not to leave behind him the suspicions of a violent death. He seized the inheritance of his nephews, and the subsistence of their mother. He usurped the kingdom of Lombardy from his grandfather. We are informed of his bastards, his bigamy, his divorces, his concubines; we know that he assassinated thousands of Saxons, and we know that he was made a saint.'

Such was Voltaire's opinion of Charlemagne; and while such an opinion existed among Frenchmen, it was hardly to be expected that any of them would venture to compare the present emperor of the Gauls to Charles the Great. The ambition of the former we know is equal to that of the latter; his vices equal; but his virtues in every respect inferior: Bonaparte, however, feels himself honoured by the comparison, and with this view the present translation was undertaken. 'Beside the reputation which this work has acquired in Germany,' says the translator, 'it has other claims to be read with interest in the French empire, and by all those who under-

stand our language. It will recall to memory an epoch which has more than one feature of resemblance with the present times. It will remind us of a warrior the most indefatigable and skilful; a man distinguished for his personal qualities, in whom the military virtues are united with a love of the arts and sciences; who honours philosophers, and receives pleasure in being surrounded by them; a conqueror who, not content with extending the boundaries of his empire, devotes his time to the establishment of good laws, and salutary institutions; an enlightened christian, who knows at the same time how to respect and to restrain the ministers of worship; the chief of a new dynasty to which he has given his name, and which commences with the greatest *éclat*; a prince who governs by himself, and who is equally capable of directing the mass, and at the same time of watching over all the details, of a vast empire; a sovereign who, in showing himself at once the son and the protector of the church, thought it his duty to consecrate his title to a crown of which he was so worthy, by the intervention of a revered hand; who gives law to Italy and to a great part of Germany; to whom rivers and chains of mountains oppose but feeble barriers; who makes civil discord cease; at whose feet conspiracies expire; who assembles beneath his sceptre twenty nations, differing in language, in customs, and usages; a hero in a word, who, after having been the terror of his enemies, the director of those states by which his own are surrounded, the regenerator of his country, the model of cotemporary kings, remains an object of admiration to all posterity.' Whoever knows (and who is there that is ignorant of?) the history of this mighty man, knows also the means by which he gained the crown; we know

> 'That, to possess the crown, nor laws divine
> Nor human stopt his way;'

and we know too, that, like a tyrant of our own country in former days, he is regardless of the opinion of posterity:

> 'They can't but say I *had* the crown;
> I was not fool as well as villain.'

But on this threadbare subject it would be idle to dilate: we hasten to lay before our readers a brief account of this translation; which we are assured, and with reason, is not at all a literal and servile copy, but that it has been *francisé*, a term expressive of any thing rendered frivolous or trifling. The translator has taken the liberty of enlarging upon some ideas upon which his original, in his opinion, had not been sufficiently copious; he has suppressed some passages which might

have clashed with *certain* opinions, and omitted the notes which were *not interesting* to Frenchmen: some he has incorporated with the text; and, in compliance with the taste of the frivolity of Paris, he has disentangled his work from that load of erudition which startles the idleness, and fatigues the patience, of his countrymen in general: and after using his pruning-knife with so liberal a hand, with all the vanity and assurance of his nation he exclaims, 'Ceux qui la liront, et l'auteur lui-même, nous le pardonneront *sans doute*.' This to Frenchmen may be a venial fault; but in our eyes, who prefer erudition to flippancy, and would rather see a literal translation from the works of the learned German professor, than the one now before us, it is a complaisance to a vitiated taste not easily to be forgiven: the cause however is not difficult to be conjectured; and we must at least commend the discretion of the translator, who knew too well the nature of the government under which he lives, the character of the person at the head of that government, and the summary manner in which his commands are put in execution, to adorn his work with important but dangerous truths. We shall give a short sketch of the character of Charlemagne, as we find it in the work before us.

Active and enterprising, but endowed with great foresight, and possessing the soundest judgment, this emperor acted continually upon plans the most extensive, yet sure. Greedy of glory, beyond perhaps any other great man, he yet was not so rash as to court extraordinary adventures from the sole desire of extending his reputation. His love of glory was ennobled by the greatness of the objects which he aspired to accomplish. His genius, his knowledge of history, the sight of the ancient monuments of the Romans, the comparison which he made between their country at the most brilliant period of their history and his own, taught him what a powerful, enlightened, and civilized nation could achieve, and inspired him with the desire of realizing the project he had formed.

A monarch endued with the genius of Charlemagne cannot fail to produce great revolutions both in the fashion of thinking, and in the manners of men; and if at the same time he is animated with the noble intentions which directed that great prince, these revolutions cannot but be for the benefit of mankind. If he adds to these advantages the good-fortune of appearing at a time when he finds every thing prepared to facilitate the execution of his great designs, let him with a feeling of modesty cast his eyes on Charlemagne, who had to struggle against every obstacle to the perfecting of the human species. During his life, Charlemagne was often called 'a great king,' even by foreign nations. After having received

the imperial dignity, in his public edicts, amongst other titles he styled himself *grand empereur*; but it was only in imitation of the court of Constantinople, where a multiplicity of pompous titles was introduced in proportion as the real strength of the eastern empire declined. It was after his death that he obtained the surname of Carolus Magnus, from which the French have formed the word Charlemagne, the only name by which he has been known for many ages.

Charlemagne was tall and athletic; he had the air of majesty, yet withal serene: formed for bodily exercises, he was a great lover of hunting, and took peculiar delight in swimming and riding: his table and his dress were models of simplicity; yet on solemn occasions he displayed in both an imperial magnificence; in public edifices, particularly in churches, he aimed at grandeur. During his repasts he generally read some historical narrative; and received great entertainment from the perusal of St. Austin's work on the City of God.

Charlemagne was married four times: his first wife was a Lombard princess; his second a lady of distinguished family in Suabia; his third a lady from the west of France; and his fourth a daughter of a German nobleman. He had children only by the second and third: by Hildegarde, three sons and three daughters; by the third, two daughters. Before he married his first wife, he lived with a woman of inferior rank. After the death of Lutgarde, his fourth wife, which happened anno 800, he formed several similar connections. Were these only unequal marriages, or were they in reality concubines? This is a point on which cotemporary historians are not sufficiently clear. Their successors however have made up their silence, and have often spoken with confidence of the mistresses of Charlemagne. This monarch made the education of his children one of his most important occupations. He instructed his sons, and even his daughters, in the sciences, which he himself had begun to cultivate at a very advanced period of life. He was not singular in requiring his daughters to weave and to spin: but therein conformed to the general manners of the Germans, who retained them long after his reign, and who had the Romans and Greeks for their model. The more delicate employments becoming the fair sex who have received a refined education, were not yet invented. Ignorance often turns into ridicule what a learned man considers as the characteristic traits of a peculiar age or nation. His inclination to and constancy in friendship, his sensibility, are exalted by Eginhard, who had opportunities of personally applauding them. Queen Fastrade, his third wife, sometimes forced him to the perpetration of acts which one would not expect from

a character like his, distinguished by a sweet and amiable disposition: with these rare exceptions, if we give credit to the unsuspected testimony of Eginhard, he merited and obtained the affection and esteem of all ranks of society.—Tame and insipid indeed is the portrait here delineated: and the translator seems to have been aware of it; for he has extracted in a supplement the character of Charlemagne as drawn by the most eminent historians, both English and French, and rather unluckily has placed that of Voltaire the last: whether he has done this by design or by chance, is a fact which we cannot decide.

ART. XII.—*Poesias de el Dr. D. Juan Melendez Valdes.*

Poems, by Don John Melendez, LL. D. one of his Majesty's Counsellors, and Judge in the Court of Chancery of Valladolid. A new Edition, with Additions. 3 *Vols.* 8*vo.* Valladolid.

THE history of literature developes the progress of the human mind; that of language pourtrays the genius of a particular race or nation: from an intimate knowledge of the latter we become acquainted with the local modes of action of the thinking powers, and are thus enabled, by knowing what a nation has been, in some measure to pronounce what it will be. The inquiry is important, and well worthy the attention of the gravest statesman. To the negociator it seems an indispensable prerequisite; to the metaphysician it offers a safe and unbeaten path to the sources of human knowledge, and to the moralist those new analogies and sympathies which are not unfrequently the predisposing cause of virtue or vice. We must leave, however, the inference and practical utility of such researches, to attend to facts as they appear in a view of the origin, progress, and actual state, of the Spanish language. It may be observed, that from the conclusion of the peace between the Roman empire and Spain, effected by Augustus, the Latin language became, by means of rewards and disfranchises, the vernacular dialect of this western peninsula of Europe, and gradually extirpated that of the Grecians and Carthaginians. As to the language of the ancient and partly unconquered Cantabrians or the modern Biscayans, it is a subject foreign from our inquiry. The Latin continued gaining as much in extension as it was losing in purity, until the end of the fifth and sixth centuries, when the Goths and Vandals overran that country. These barbarians, although they published their laws in Latin, and attempted to adopt it for their own language, yet seem to have been incapable of expressing their thoughts in the laconic

style of the Romans, and consequently had recourse to the alternative of prefixing prepositions to the names of things: hence probably the reason of modern Spanish nouns being generally Latin ablative cases. In this unsocial state of imperfect communication, those once warlike barbarians, then somewhat domesticated, remained till the invasion of the Moors, who obliged them to seek refuge in the mountains. Thus driven from plains of the most abundant fertility to shelter themselves amongst wild and barren rocks, the necessities of animal existence awakened the hitherto dormant energies of the human mind, and the exigencies of their mutual support and defence contributed to establish that social intercourse which success and luxury had failed to accomplish. As their wants impelled and instructed them, their ferocity softened into heroism; and they sallied from the mountains of the Asturias, and again possessed themselves of the fertile valleys of Leon, Navarre, Arragon, and Castille. Thus, it may be observed, as Montesquieu has said of the British constitution, that this noble language was formed in the mountains. The language of the christians extended with their conquests; but there remains no specimen of it in writing before the time of Alfonso (or Alonzo) the Great, who, pronouncing it capable of every purpose of law and philosophy, ordered all the *fueros* (charters and privileges of the newly conquered towns and places) to be written in this language. This truly great and philosophical prince also caused the *fuero juzgo* (a code of laws instituted by the Gothic kings) to be translated into the vulgar tongue in the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. From this period till the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, which the Spaniards esteem the Augustan age of their country, the power and the language of Spain became more and more distinguished in Europe, while the discoveries of Columbus extended them to a new world. As to the language, it was more copious than correct; and the establishment of the inquisition constitutes an epocha no less in the literature than in the government and religion of Spain. Hitherto the language had only acquired copiousness from the Latin, with the addition of many Arabic, Greek, and Punic words; but was strikingly disfigured by a heterogeneous and extravagant phraseology borrowed from the Moors, and bordering on Orientalism, while it was almost wholly destitute of definiteness, logical precision, and natural propriety. From this strange mixture of Roman words with Arabic phraseology, sprung those romances which have ever since occupied the attention of the idle and fantastic. Such was the infatuation for bombastic and hyperbolical language, that in the vast collection of

these extravagant expressions formed by Gratian, it is still questionable whether that author designed them for praise or satire. The assiduous labours of the inquisition, however, were directed to the reform of these abuses, in rendering their language more definite and precise, and in giving it that philological accuracy which is alike essential to the perfection of taste, and to the researches of philosophy. Of this horrid tribunal we are neither the apologists nor the advocates; but whoever has well studied its sentences, must have been frequently impressed with the marks of keen penetration, good sense, and sound morality, which it often evinces, and can be no less influenced by a sovereign contempt of the false and ignorant effusions of most of the French writers on the Spanish inquisition. It has more than once given a noble and just exposition of the dangerous principles of the French school: and he whose mind, uninfluenced by prejudice, cherishes a generous love of pure morality, will experience the same emotions of respect for such decisions, as for those of Dr. Johnson in his exposure of the pernicious principles of the elegant Chesterfield. Superstition, ridiculous tales of ghosts and apparitions, extravagant hopes in the divine aid of *Maria Santisima*, &c. have been repeatedly censured by this tribunal; and there are few countries where the peasantry are less influenced by vulgar superstitions than in Spain. To the unremitting exertion of such labours, and those of the Royal Academy of Madrid, the Spaniards are indebted for one of the most accurate, noble, and expressive languages in Europe, and unquestionably the first for highly delicate wit and satire. As a proof of the latter, we shall only mention Quevedo, Cervantes, father Isla, and don John Cadalso in his *Eruditos á la Violeta:* of those distinguished for the former qualification, Saavedra, Pellizer, Antonio, Masdieu, Cassmany, Moratin, Jovellanes, and Melendez, may be enumerated.

Before we enter on an examination of the work before us, it may be proper to notice the opinion which is generally entertained on the decline of Spanish literature. It is not an unusual remark, that the literary pre-eminence of most countries falls with their power, and that political prosperity is almost a necessary stimulus to the exertions of the mind. This notion, however well-founded it may be, is not entirely applicable to Spain. It is true that the quantity of her literature did decrease as her political consequence wasted away; but this was rather owing to the diminution of commerce and decreased population, than to either an enfeebled government, or the supposed influence of the inquisition. It is not in Spain as in Portugal, where the solitary name of Camoens still re-

mains without a successor. From the ever-boasted days of the catholic Ferdinand and Isabel to the present hour, a period of three centuries, Spain has not been without more than one author of acknowledged excellence, and the labours of the above-mentioned tribunal have tended no little to purify and correct the works of genius rather than to retard the progressive expansion of the mind, as in an adjoining nation. To common-place reasoners and declaimers this may appear strange, but it is not the less true. Nor has the inquisition of Spain, however formidable in other respects, ever been more terrible to literary works than the Sorbonne of Paris; with this exception only, that the latter could be bribed to sanction any thing, and the former has shewn itself incorruptible. If then the Spanish literature be less known and admired in Europe than in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is not therefore the less worthy of attention: but the political and commercial connections of Spain have become less important; the motives to learn her language less numerous; while the multiplicity of French translations, and the facility which they offer to the learned to make themselves acquainted with the literature and philosophy of the world through the medium of the French language, have contributed to draw a veil over the productions of Spanish genius. We do not entirely despair, in the course of our labours, of making our readers somewhat better acquainted with the manly eloquence, sound morality, critical perspicacity, elegant taste and more particularly the wit, which abound in the literature of Spain. It must however be confessed, that although the Spaniards may boast of many works of fancy unrivalled in almost any age or nation, they have not equally excelled in works of science: yet it were gross ignorance to ascribe this defect to a deficiency of genius, or to the power of the inquisition: it has another and more efficient cause, we mean the prejudices of the nobility. In the polite arts they possess poetry, painting, and architecture, in an eminent degree: the Portuguese can be said to excel in music only. Of the mathematics and the art of navigation they are by no means deficient; but almost all the other arts and sciences have been deemed incompatible with nobility, as having a reference to mechanical labour, and have been consequently neglected and despised by the rich and well-born, consequently could ill be improved by the ignorant and poor. Even the venerable affairs of agriculture have till of late been held unworthy the attention of a gentleman; but commerce and manufactures have now been ennobled by royal edicts to facilitate their advancement, and trading companies have received the privileges of nobility. It is from these circumstances we are enabled to account for the backwardness of the arts

and sciences in one of the most ingenious nations of Europe, and not from the vulgarly alleged cause, of the tyranny exercised by the inquisition. We may add another cause, perhaps, no less efficient in impeding the progress of philosophy; namely, the influence of the unphilosophical dogmas of the catholic church. The Spaniards have always been noted for their devotion to the see of Rome; and such devotion, aided by certain Popish tenets, can be little favourable to the improvement of the human mind. The Reformation first opened the career of philosophy; and it is a fact, that the Roman-catholics of Italy and France made but an indifferent progress in the sciences, until infidelity had gained such an ascendancy as to counteract, in some measure, the deleterious influence of the Romish faith.

But to revert to our author, who first published a volume of poems nearly twenty years since, and has now added those before us. We shall only observe, that his chief characteristics as a poet, are simplicity, an elegant delicacy of expression, and pathetic energy. Correct, though voluminous; amorous, but chaste; gay, but always moral; his Horatian muse sings the *Pleasures* (to use the hackneyed phrase of the day) of love, of friendship, of social, pastoral, and wedded life, of rural retirement, of philosophy, meditation, and the immensity of nature, in strains not unworthy of any age or nation. Amongst one hundred odes, Anacreontic, miscellaneous, philosophical, and sacred, there is scarcely one which is not above mediocrity. We shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of them in a translation, inadequate, we fear, but the most literal that we have been able to procure. The pieces selected are not the best, but the shortest, and consequently most convenient for translation. The ode on the inconstancy of fortune, the Autumn, and the hymn to Venus, particularly the latter, have considerable original merit, as also that of the Tempest, but they are long. The first specimen therefore which we shall offer, is an ode to the Bees.

'*To the Bee.*

'O'er yonder vale, industrious bee,
No longer range on busy wing;
Nor for your golden treasure spoil
The blooming children of the spring;

'No more, when o'er the smiling world
The sun his early radiance throws,
Extract the pearly tears of morn
That fill the calyx of the rose:

'Let the soft lily's virgin pride
To dread your pilf'ring kisses cease,
And let the whiter orange-flow'r
Breathe its ambrosial sweets in peace.

'And let the blushing pink unspoil'd
Guard for the fair its rich perfume,
That beauty's breast may shew more white
Contrasted with the living bloom.

'But on my Laura's budding lips
Alight with murmurs soft and still:
Ah! there your restless wing compose,
And rob their luscious sweets at will.

'There does young Nature's bounteous hand
Rich store of liquid dew prepare,
Sweeter than lily, pink, or rose:
Fragrance ineffable is there!

'Then seek the friends I love, and give
Of the sweet theft to each a part;
But as you deal the precious spoil,
Be mindful of your stinging dart!

'Thy mouth, O happy, happy bee,
Shall prove an inexhausted mine
Of honey pure, of nectar'd joys,
Of all that's lovely, that's divine!'

The following epitaph possesses no originality: yet we were so much pleased with its simplicity, that we could not resist the temptation of rendering it into English; although it is to be feared that in our very literal translation the reader will discover but little of that beauty which struck us so forcibly in the Spanish.

'The grace unspeakable, the virtue rare,
The heart most tender, and the form most fair,
The purest innocence, the faith most true,
That Fame e'er sounded, or that Love e'er knew,
Lie buried here, their transient lustre o'er,
Where Julia's ashes sleep to wake no more.'

Perhaps our readers will not be displeased with the epigrammatic turn of the following

'*Ode to Dorinda.*

'To spoil the garden's flow'ry pride
Dorinda took her way,

As lovely as a sister Grace,
As May's sweet morning gay.

'But homeward soon, dejected, sad,
Return'd the alter'd fair;
Her cheek had lost its crimson hue,
Loose flow'd her untress'd hair.

'Say what alarms thee, gentle maid?
She turns her head, and cries:
Again they ask; but she is dumb:
They chide; she nought replies.

'Ah me! ah me! those signs declare;
She cropt in Xalva's bow'r
The pink, the rose, the daffodil,
But lost a fairer flow'r.'

The next and last specimen is the description of a Spanish noon, so different from a summer's noon in this country.

'Enthron'd aloft in glory's brightest blaze,
The lord of day his golden front displays;
Beams of pure radiance from his chariot hurl'd,
Proclaim his fierce dominion to the world.

'As through the zenith* flames his headlong course,
He arms the noon-day with resistless force;
See! earth's parch'd bosom owns th' afflictive ray,
And drooping nature faints beneath his sway.

'Now fold their weary wings, the zephyr-train
And silence holds her undisputed reign;
The feather'd quire, their tuneful task forgot,
Seek the calm shelter of the leafy grot:

'The shepherd too, with spirits light as air,
To some cool shed conducts his fleecy care;
Expected joys his kindling fancy move,
And trills his rustic pipe the notes of love:

'Collected soon beneath that well-known shade,
Each youthful shepherd, and each willing maid,
Bid the fierce noon in vain her shafts employ,
And lose the idly-flowing hours in joy.

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* It is singular enough that not only Melendez, but Pope, should have fallen into this astronomical error: the one places the sun in the zenith in Spain, the other in the Troad:

'Now flaming through the zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n.' Iliad, lib. 16. v. 938.

'Meanwhile beneath some widely-spreading tree,
His faithful dog his only company,
His toil-worn limbs the lonely hunter throws,
And gives himself abandon'd to repose.

'All, all is still as silence! calm as night!
And oh! what transport to the aching sight
Yon fields attired in living green prepare;
The aching eye-balls rest and revel there!

'The industrious bees, with murmurs loud but sweet,
Conspire to charm me in my lone retreat;
The dove's wild notes each soft sensation move,
And soothe the breast that pines in hopeless love.

'Perhaps soft Philomel herself shall deign
To join her pleasing, sadd'ning, melting strain;
Yes bid, sweet bird, thy three-ton'd * numbers flow
In all the magic melody of woe.

'See! through the meadow's variegated pride
The quiet streamlet winds his crystal tide,
Whose smooth expanse reflects each flow'ret's dye
Mix'd with the unclouded sapphire of the sky.

'† Alone the aspen moves her foliage pale
To break the stillness of the sleeping gale;
The gale recedes around, above, below,
In undulations tremulous and slow.

'Those hills, those vales, whose genial lap supplies
The mingled radiance of a thousand dyes,
This lofty walk, where tow'rs the poplar train,
Beneath whose shade tir'd nature breathes again,

'Yon tangled grove, whose high o'er-arching bow'rs
Hide from the view the city's neighb'ring tow'rs,
Those tow'rs that shine like crystal, bright and gay,
Struck by the lustre of the golden day;

'This darksome grot—I hail thee, hallow'd seat,
Refuge from care, as from the noon-day's heat!
Thine inmate, Peace, bids sleep my griefs awhile,
And soothes each suffering with her heav'nly smile.

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* The nightingale has three notes in her voice; other birds only two.

† This extraordinary idea is translated *literally* from the original. There is a superstitious notion in Spain relative to the incessant motion of the leaves of the aspen, or white poplar.

'A thousand nameless joys are found in thee,
In thee, the soul of pleasure, liberty!
In thee my cithern* pours a livelier strain,
And youth's expiring torch burns bright again.

'Tranquil and free, my raptur'd eyes devour
The plant's rich verdure, or the gaudy flow'r;
The lamb that wantons fearless, gay, and young;
The bird that carols blithe her sprightly song,

'The sun's bright orb, the murm'ring winds that blow,
The genial rain, the frost, the virgin snow,
Successive joys to cheated fancy bring,
And half-disarm affliction of her sting.

'Thus, every care forgot, my voice I raise,
And pour my ravish'd soul in nature's praise;
Her varied treasures shall my notes prolong,
And all her beauties animate my song.'

Our author's eclogues and pastoral romances only want a greater variety of subject to render them exquisite *morceaux* of pastoral poetry. The excellence of the *Pastor Fido* is generally acknowledged; but our readers of taste will doubtless perceive the superior simplicity of the Spanish when contrasted with the Italian, in the choruses of the pastoral comedy *Las Bodas de Camacho el Rico* of Melendez.

'Y gozad, gozad ciegos
Entre honestas caricias
De sus placidos fuegos
De sus tiernas delicias.

Ah ben fie di colei gravi l'errore,
(Cagion del nostro male)
Che le leggi santissime d'amore,
Di fè mancando, offese.'

The moral elegies of Melendez shew that he has, in common with almost all the modern poets on the continent, profited by reading the works of Pope, Young, and other English authors. The 'Discourse of an aged Man,' for elegant, moral, and enlightened philosophy, is well worthy of being placed with Armstrong's 'precepts of a divine old man' in the Art of Preserving Health. We sincerely regret that the following comparison of the past and present time is too faithful a description of the streets of the metropolis of the British empire:

'Entre duennas y vriadas,
Deáiba ā la media noche
Santamente la ocupuban.
Y hoy del adultero al lado

* A species of guitar.

Sin seso calles y plazas
Corre impudente; y abona
Las mas viles cortesanas.'

Upon the whole, if Melendez be not always original, he is never vulgar, incorrect, or licentious; and few poets equally voluminous can boast of more simple, more animated, elegant, and truly moral verses. His prose works are not less meritorious.

ART. XIII.—*Commercis epistolier Leibnitiani, &c.*

Select Specimens of the Epistolary Correspondence of Leibnitz, not yet made public: with Notes, by J. G. H. Feder. 8vo. Hanover. 1805.

SUCH researches have been lately made in England into every hole or corner for a scrap or two written by a literary person or eminent character; and such volumes have been vamped up merely to take in the public, and to sell off an edition before its insignificance is detected; that we might reasonably suspect a similar spirit to have been raised in Germany, and that the manuscripts left by Leibnitz, and hitherto not published, would be greedily seized by an adventurous bookseller, and imposed upon the public without any regard to the importance or insignificance of the materials. But this volume differs completely from those which have within a few late years disgraced the English press. They come forward under the name of a respectable character, who is inspector of the library at Hanover: and from the treasures under his care he has not, on the plan of our late publications of this kind, considered only the means of swelling a work to such a size as to make it merely a profitable speculation; but he has selected such parts as would appear of importance to the literary world, or throw additional light on the character of a distinguished philosopher. With this view he has carefully examined the collection of letters of Leibnitz published by Dutens, and those to be found in other works, that he might not insert in this volume what had before been published; at the same time he was not very anxious that a letter published in a magazine or diary should not escape his memory, as this volume is to be considered as a supplement to those already published, and the admirers of Leibnitz may now possess a complete collection of his correspondence.

The collection consists of letters in the Latin, German, and French languages, to and from Leibnitz; and the names of the most eminent persons of the times frequently occur. The chief correspondents are Leibnitz, Basnage, Bayle, Malebranche, Blanchini, Fontenelle, and prince Eugene. The philo-

sopher also enjoyed the favours of the ladies: and we have the letters of a German princess, the princess Louisa of Hohenzollern, in both German and French, which were not worthy to be inserted, except to shew how very ill educated the ladies of those times must have been, since a princess who writes long letters to the most learned man in her country, could not spell her words in either her own language, or that which was fashionable at her court.

Our readers who are conversant with the works of Leibnitz, will be pleased in observing the rise and progress of some of his ideas, as they are seen in this collection. One of the first things that struck our notice, was his favourite idea on the independence of authors, of which a sketch is given in his letter to monsieur Ancillon, dated the sixth of September 1709, but which will be found more complete in the fifth volume of his works, page 333, in a letter to Kortholp. In this letter to monsieur Ancillon, Leibnitz remarks, that it is by no means proper that literary persons should be under the controul of booksellers. This might be remedied, if the former would enter into an arrangement on the sale of their books.

'If I was young,' he says, 'I should be more capable of putting the plan into execution, but it must not be mentioned. The expression, The king does not pay you for making books, does not surprise me. This is the character of the times. Study is in general considered as a mere mercenary affair, as a ladder which is taken away or neglected when its assistance is no longer wanted.'

In a reply to Basnage on the prospectus of Bayle's dictionary, Leibnitz makes many excellent remarks on the undertaking, with very flattering though not undeserved compliments to its author. 'I wish that a work of such importance may have the completest success, for I am clearly of opinion that no one is a better judge than Mr. Bayle, both of the subjects and of a suitable arrangement. As to the form, he is so well acquainted with the best books, that he may in this respect be called "peritissimus formarum spectator," and as to the subjects, he ought assuredly to possess the right of selection. To every original writer belongs naturally "jus patronatûs," and each one has his favourite studies and sentiments, which he may introduce into his works without being arraigned for the crime of omission because he passes over some things which deserve insertion as much as those which he has mentioned. He possesses sometimes particular information on some character, family, place, history, or subject, which will, in his opinion, give it a preference to other things, in which perhaps a greater degree of enquiry is necessary; so that with

the view of saving his time, and properly employing his materials, he will prefer what is nearest at hand, and seize the opportunity of instructing the public in that which he knows better than another, or at least which lay more within his reach. Thus every thing which he advances from his own resources, or which he draws from quarters little known to others, will be useful, though in other respects it might have been omitted.' In another letter to Baruel, he expresses his full confidence that Bayle would refute the pretended history of a pope Joan; on which he properly observes, that the chronology of that time is not so obscure as is generally imagined; and that Masenius, Schaten, and others, who have endeavoured to impose this fable upon the public, have thought to secure themselves in the gloom with which that part of history is enveloped. Leibnitz from this time evidently studied this subject more diligently, as he left a manuscript upon it, which was afterwards published in Scheidii Bibliotheca Histor. Goetting. tom. 1. under the title of 'Flores sparsi in Tumulum Johannis Papissæ.'

The end of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the last century, was unfavourable, in the opinion of Leibnitz, to literature: what would he then have thought of the times in which we live? In a letter to Bayle, in the year 1702, he expresses his apprehensions that the war would be injurious to science and literature; and observes, that both in France and every where else the number of men of solid science was very much diminished. 'This,' says he, 'cannot be a matter of surprise, as since the year 1672 there has been nothing but war and taxes, so that they who have sprung up since that time, have had only one thing to think of, not what Jesus Christ calls "unum necessarium," but what the world esteems to be the chief object of pursuit, the means to make the pot boil. Few there are, sir, of the same inclination with you and me, who take pleasure in mental pursuits.'

A letter of Malebranche in 1698, is full of expressions of his love of truth, in which we cannot doubt his sincerity, and the compliments passing between men of such eminence can scarcely be deemed objects of censure. Yet Malebranche had opportunities of investigating the question of the origin of fluxions, and it is scarcely worthy of his name to have withholden the credit that is due to Newton upon this subject. 'The method of infinitely small quantities,' he says, 'of which you are the inventor, is so elegant and useful a discovery, that this alone would immortalise you in the estimation of every man of science; what will then be the effect of the integral calculation' (the method of finding fluents), 'when you communicate to geometricians a part only of your knowledge

upon this subject? Remember that you are engaged, and the public expects with impatience your promised work "de scientiâ infiniti."' There remains little doubt now on the origin of fluxions, but so fine a compliment would naturally in return produce an eulogium on the writings of his correspondent. 'Your excellent works, my reverend father, have enabled men to enter farther than they could before into the depths of truth, and in deriving such advantage from them I should be wanting to myself if I did not acknowledge it. I am convinced that the laws of nature are not so arbitrary as is imagined. Every thing is determined either by reasons of necessity, as those in geometry, or by reasons of the greatest perfection, as those in morality.'

Leibnitz was the honour of the electorate of Hanover, or we may rather say of the German empire; and an elector exalted to the throne of Britain, might naturally be expected to bestow on so distinguished a subject some particular marks of his favour. The letters in this volume are a melancholy proof, however, of the little respect paid by men in power to great talents. Leibnitz was employed in very laborious researches, but was very ill paid for his labours. His discontent breaks out in several places; and his letters to Bernsdorf the minister are a convincing proof that no exertions were wanting on his part, though they were but meanly appreciated by his employers. He went to Vienna in the year 1688, with a view to examine the libraries on every subject relative to the house of Hanover, and from that time he was continually employed in similar researches. In 1701 he writes to Bernsdorf, that he could not at that moment specify the number of years for which arrears were due, but that he would do it on his return to Hanover. 'I believe,' he says, 'that the three hundred crowns (with the two hundred of the former pension) have not been paid at most more than two years.' He wishes something to be advanced on each sheet, not only on account of the expence of publication, but of that which he had been at in procuring, collating, and copying, so many manuscripts; but he adds, 'I have very little reason to be satisfied, when I consider what others have obtained elsewhere, whose labours are far inferior to my own. I have, however, abstained from complaints, because they appear to be unworthy of myself, and derogatory to the honour of my employers.' In another letter he mentions that three hundred crowns were allowed him for an 'adjutante di studio,' which he supposed would be allowed as long as the assistant was wanted; but the aid was withdrawn, on the pretext that it was intended to be merely temporary. In another letter he complains that no orders were given for the payment of his salary, nor for mourning;

and even that he was saddled with the payment of fifty crowns to Mr. Ruhlmann, who had been his assistant in copying books at Vienna. 'Such circumstances,' he remarks, 'are little suited to the labour and zeal of so many years, and to the resolution of abstaining from the greatest advantages which might be considered to be inconsistent with the service of a master whose greatness has always been an object of my zealous attention. 'We must not forget, however, that Leibnitz was a little more attached to the 'unum necessarium' than seems suited to philosophy, and the rise of his master suggested the expectation of a very good pension on the English list. On the connection between the house of Brunswick and the kings of England, some essential parts of the history of England might be interwoven in his annals; and this being the case, his excellency was requested to consider whether his majesty might not grant to him both the honour and the pension of historiographer of Great Britain. Such honours and emoluments might be granted to strangers, for there are precedents of such an employ being given to them without naturalization; and the act of parliament which seems to refuse offices to strangers, respects only those which require naturalization. In another letter he observes, that he is not so much grieved at the arrears, as at the ill opinion that his majesty seems to have conceived of his labours, and which appears in a postscript left by the ministers and communicated to him. 'This,' he says, 'has touched some to the quick; to observe that, whilst all Europe does me justice, I have it not where I have the greatest reason to expect it. This can come only from some insinuations made to the king, whose injustice I shall hope will soon be made known to his majesty.'

In the year 1715, Biel, a clergyman at Brunswick, sent to Leibnitz a notice, that Sturm had given a solution of the famous number 666 in the Revelations: an answer is returned by which we are not much the wiser. 'The number of the Lamb,' it is observed, 'is a square number; but the number of the beast is a triangular or defective number, for it is made of a series of numbers in the natural order, beginning with unity and ending with thirty-six. The sum, of course, is $\overline{1+36} \times \frac{36}{2} = 37 \times 18 = 74 \times 9 = 666$. This number then, as it comprehends all numbers indiscriminately, whether even or odd, is a proper mark of the beast, or the world in its depravity. Even Homer sometimes nods. We may contrast his comment on the Revelations, with one on a romance. I have read, he says, in a letter to the abbé Bignon, in Amadis de Gaul, that a knight going to the attack of an enchanted castle, to deliver some prisoners there detained by a fairy,

was stopped by a fiery lake full of dragons, which vomited flames of fire, and seemed to be on the point of seizing him. Instead of a bridge there was a small plank cast over this lake. The knight, not the least terrified, set his foot on this plank, and as he advanced, the fire, the lake, and the dragons, disappeared, and the space became a firm, level, and beautiful country. This plank is the thread of method, by which we may easily avoid those false steps which would lead us into dangerous errors.'

The letters between Blanchini and Leibnitz, are particularly interesting, as the former gives a full account of the proceedings at Rome, of the committee appointed by Clement the Eleventh to examine the calendar, to which committee Blanchini was secretary, and cardinal Noris was one of the members. We cannot however enter into the detail. As difficult a subject occurs in the correspondence between Leibnitz and Borisebourg, the latter a statesman, who, finding some difficulty on the origin of sovereign power, requests the assistance of greater erudition to solve his doubts. Leibnitz does not enter much into so difficult and delicate a subject, but settles it as well probably as the circumstances will admit. 'As to the power of sovereigns and allegiance of subjects, I am accustomed to say, that it is well for princes to be convinced that subjects possess the right of resistance, and on the contrary, the people should believe in passive obedience. I agree however with Grotius, and consider obedience as the regular course, the evil of revolt being in general far greater than that which occasions it. I confess, however, that the sovereign may go to such an excess, and do such injury to the state, that the obligation to suffer ceases. But this case is very rare; and the theologian who sanctions on this account an enterprise, must take good care that he does not exceed his limits, there being infinitely more danger in excess than defect.'

The famous De Bourignon, who is mentioned also in his works, Vol. I. 690 and 740, is the subject of one letter. Her zeal he admires more than her charity, and is disgusted with her proneness to censure, which he attributes to a want of knowledge of the world. This brings him to declare his opinion on mankind, 'a compound in which the good exceeds the bad. Some have not sufficient knowledge, others not sufficient application or vigour, to adopt firm resolutions; and what is worse, there is so little union and cooperation even among those who have the best intentions, that one destroys what the other erects. Ambition secretly prevails, covered over with an appearance of piety, whence each pretends to be the only one endued with light, and of course wishes to domineer over others.' The zeal of De Bourignon

did not displease the philosopher; for he observes, that 'this was necessary to rouse men from their lethargy. Nothing but a clap of thunder can rouse them, and the cheap style of mademoiselle Antoinette is therefore excusable. I perceive, that men have not attention enough, unless they are spoken to in a high tone. We acknowledge our foibles, but do not take a resolution sufficiently strong to correct them, and we treat with too little ceremony the affairs of salvation. Hence I much esteem those who exert themselves to break the chains of the world, and set themselves above all temporal considerations. I perceive in them great strength of mind, and wish them a proportionate degree of prudence. I mean by prudence, that which Christ himself recommends, which has for its object the glory of God and the perfection of souls, and chooses good means for its success. This noble way of thinking we cannot too much commend, and particularly when from various causes there is an inclination, as in the present times, in some classes to a degree of enthusiasm.' The temper of Leibnitz in its adversaries, and the prudence which he recommends in those who possess it, would be the happy means of directing this spirit to beneficial purposes.

The news of the day is in many letters interwoven with philosophical and literary subjects; and every letter contains something interesting, either from thech aracter of the writer, or the subject which it discusses, or to which it alludes. We have given many particulars; but we must have far exceeded our limits if we had entered into a variety of subjects which will interest the reader in the perusal of the work. The editor found this publication to be 'curarum dulce levamen;' and it is happy for him that he had this resource, though he could scarcely meditate on the situation of the electorate when Leibnitz was alive, without a melancholy sensation on its present condition. Letters like these are not a study, but they excite pleasing reflections on the course of our studies: and every one who possesses the works of Leibnitz, will assuredly add this volume to his collection.

ART. XIV.—*Recensio manuscriptorum Codicorum, &c.*

A Catalogue of the Manuscripts selected from the Vatican Library, by order of Pope Pius VI. on the 14th July, 1797, and given up to the French Commissioners in conformity with the Articles of the Treaty of Peace. To which is added, an Index of the Books in the Vatican Library, both printed and in Manuscript; as also of the Etruscan Vases and Coins, given up to the same Commissaries. 8vo. Leipzig.

THIS catalogue was first printed in Italy, but it has not yet

it without any of that information which might be expected from a German editor. The French took away five hundred manuscripts from the Vatican library, of which twenty were Hebrew. Among these, six are manuscripts of the Bible, of which No. 1, 2, and 3 are not noticed either by Kennicott or De Rossi. No. 4 is Kennicott's 227; No. 19 Kennicott's 234; No. 20 Kennicott's 225. The age of these manuscripts is taken from the very scarce catalogue that was made by Costanzi, a converted Jew, one of the writers in the Vatican, who prepared it under the care of Assemani. Kennicott, or rather Bruns, who inspected these manuscripts for him and De Rossi, have set the age of these manuscripts many centuries under what is ascribed to them in the catalogue. The remaining Hebrew manuscripts are chiefly treatises on the Talmud, and two rabbinical explanations of books in the Bible.

From the Syrian manuscripts forty were selected, of which the chief part are written in the old Estrangelo character. It is rather extraordinary, that only four biblical manuscripts, one Pentateuch, and three copies of the Gospels, were taken, when so many more were within the grasp of the enemy. The oldest Syriac manuscript with a date to it, namely, the year 548, and marked No. 22. Saec. VI. is now to be seen at Paris. No. 23 has been described by Adler in his Syriac version of the New Testament, p. 10. No. 23, Missale Syriacum ad Usum Ecclesiæ Antiochanæ, contains select parts of the Acts and the Epistles of St. Paul, as may be seen in Adler. The remarkable manuscript which Adler calls the Jerusalem manuscript, p. 137, and which contains so many readings different from all other versions, remains at Rome. Two manuscripts of the Syriac Chronicle, by Abulfaradsch, No. 64, 65, went to Paris; but the Cod. Syriac. Vatican. 173, from which Adler has made some selections in his Syrian Grammar, remains in its ancient abode. From the Arabic manuscripts only eighty were taken, of which four are biblical, one of them containing the Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul in the Cufic character. The rest are historical, geographical, juridical, medical, poetical, and grammatical works, with dictionaries, many of them hitherto unknown. The catalogue under the Nos. 144—147, of all the Arabian writings to the year of Christ 1681, by Haphid, which is stiled Opus Versione Latina publicaque luce dignissimum, is described by Assemani in his Oriental Library, t. i. 633, from whom the best information will be derived on these manuscripts in general, as well as the Coptic manuscripts. The Haphid men-

tioned above is probably the Hadschi Chalipha of Herbelot, Reishe, Köhler, &c.

Before the French attack, the Vatican library was in possession of seventy-one Coptic manuscripts: it has now only fifty-two. Of the nineteen seized, no one reaches above the tenth century. Five are biblical manuscripts, but it is not mentioned whether they are in the Memphitical or Saidical dialect. The subjects of the rest, except one, which is a very important one, being a Coptic and Arabic lexicon, are homilies of the Greek fathers and legends of the saints. The dictionary was written in the fourteenth century. All the Abyssinian or Ethiopian manuscripts, only twelve in number, were seized: their age is somewhere in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries.

The library at Paris, when it was under a royal name, possessed a great number of Chinese manuscripts, and hence out of three hundred and ninety-two in the Vatican, eleven only were selected. These contain some Chinese and Latin dictionaries, and translations from historical books, made by bishop Visdelow, who lived many years as missionary in China.

Of at least two thousand five hundred and eight Greek manuscripts in the Vatican, the French have seized only one hundred and thirty-three. The biblical manuscripts are all left, except one, which contains the whole Bible, and is marked 1209. This is the famous Cod. Vatic. and equal honour may be expected to be paid to this manuscript at Paris, as to the Cod. Alexandrin. of equal age and similar contents in our metropolis. Some fragments of Dio Cassius of the fifth century fell also a prey to the French, and the best Greek manuscripts are now to be found at Paris. In No. 318 are several geographical tracts of the eleventh century, not used by Hudson in his Geographiæ Vet. Script. Gr. minor. which the literati of France will, we doubt not, bring forward to the public.

In Latin manuscripts the Vatican abounded, but of at least ten thousand five hundred and ninety-eight, only one hundred and seventy-six were taken, but these were of the greatest importance. The capital manuscript of Virgil of the seventh century, and the Terence of the tenth century, Horace of the eleventh, Cæsar of the twelfth, Plautus of the eleventh, Pliny of the tenth, Ovid of the twelfth, and many other first-rate manuscripts, have travelled to Paris, and with them Bedæ Chronicon of the ninth century, and Gesta Francorum of the tenth, Gregory of Tours of the ninth, Leges Wisigothorum of the eighth century, and many

reached us, and the present work is merely a transcript from others which particularly relate to the French history. The Codex Palatino Vatican. 24, in which Bruns found the fragment of Livy that had never been printed, escaped the notice of the commissaries.

Books in modern languages were also seized. Brunetti Latini's work in old French, Le Tresor, of which a copy was found in Carlsruhe by Molter, and a collection of the poets and romance writers of Provence, were naturally in this number; to which we may add Danté's comedies, copied by Boccacio; Sanazario's Arcadia, in his own hand-writing; and Michael Angelo's letters, also in his own hand-writing. The letters of our Henry the Eighth, which were shewn to every visitor of the Vatican, are now to be seen only at Paris. One biblical manuscript only was in the number, No. 392, of the eighth century, containing the Epistles of St. Paul.

Old printed books were also taken, of the fifteenth century, to the number of 136; several of which are mentioned by Panzer in his Annal. Typograph.: Pomponius Mela de situ Orbis, Mediolani, 1471, 4to. Ovidii Metamorphos. Romæ, 1471, fol. Catulli et Statii opera, Parmæ, 1473; Ciceronis Rhetorica, Romæ, 1475. The oldest book is Liber sextus decretal. Mogunt. 1465. Most of them are Latin and Italian classics printed in Italy. In the account given of these books are many errors of the press: as B. de Breydenbach, instead of Bern. de Brendebach; Breviar. Crestetense, instead of Breviar. Cisterciense; Nicol. de Judeschis, instead of Nicolai de Tudeschis. The place also of the impression, Spiræ, is erroneous; as the editor has forgotten the press of Vindelic de Spira, which was at Venice, and from Spira, the name of a man, was led to Spira, the name of a town. We must not omit to mention that the Samaritan Pentateuch, No. 503 of Kennicott, is now at Paris.

Etrurian vases and coins were seized in abundance. Of the latter there are 113 gold coins from the time of Philip the Elder to that of Constantin Pogonatus; 130 gold coins from Constantius Chlorus to Constantine Dracoses; 156 gold coins from Julius Cæsar to Galienus; 160 gold coins from Septimius Severus to Gordianus Pius; 176 gold coins from Marcus Aurelius to Septimius Severus; 135 gold coins from Pompey to Nerva; 207 gold coins from Trajan to Faustina. Such are the riches obtained by the Parisian library by the plunder of that at Rome, and such are the rights of war. Whether the French are to be justified or not in making the pope pay in this manner for the share he took in the confederacy against them, politicians must decide; but this is certain, that there is no library in the world in which

such easy access would be afforded to these treasures as at Paris.

ART. XV.—*Statistic History of France and its Colonies, &c.*
(Continued from page 485 of our last Appendix.)

IN resuming our account of this work, we cannot hesitate to avail ourselves of our experience to rectify the incorrect opinions expressed in the last Appendix of the Critical Review (with which *we* had no concern) respecting the population of France. Residing in that country during the period of the cessation of hostilities, we endeavoured to acquire an experimental and particular knowledge of the present manners, customs, habits, modes of life, opinions and principles of action, pains, pleasures, and domestic economy, of the French people, by divesting ourselves as far as possible of nationality, and of those prejudices which form a striking feature in the English character, and which impede the freedom of communication. This we endeavoured to accomplish by mixing in their societies, participating in their amusements, and, as it were, identifying ourselves with their families and their views. We may therefore be presumed to be better acquainted with the actual state of the French nation, and with the individual subjects of this work, than those who have merely read their writings, or viewed them through a glass at the opera, the promenade, or the *restaurateur's*. With such experience, confirmed by the personal information of the greater part of the most moderate and best-informed Frenchmen on the state and population of their country, it is not surprising that we look with astonishment on these vain and puerile efforts to exaggerate the number of her inhabitants, and to diminish the enormous contributions levied on an oppressed people. We sincerely pity their condition, and proudly compare it with our own.

But to speak more immediately of this voluminous work, a vast chaos of numbers and names of places. It is evidently compiled by hirelings, little attentive to truth or the operations of nature; who, in obedience to the commands of their master, and in the true spirit of eye-servants, have augmented, curtailed, or discussed at large, the subjects with which he might be most interested and best acquainted; but in what relates to science, to manufactures, agriculture, and rural economy, unless it be treating of the birth-place of some philosopher or soldier who happens to be a favourite of the emperor, carelessness and ignorance are every where conspicuous, and the authors seem entirely devoid of those philosophical views of civilization which are indispensable to the amelioration of human society. The most superficial observation of

the total number of souls given here, compared with that published by the same M. Herbin for the tenth year, will evince the flagrant inconsistency of his statements. In this work the whole number, without including the six departments of Piedmont, is made to be 33,501,694: in the tables of population in the tenth year it was estimated at 33,104,343, a very short time prior to the publication of the present statistic account. The returns from the prefects to the minister of the interior, in August 1802, gave 33,111,962 individuals: those from Piedmont, 1,864,351; but in the tables we find 1,946,800, a difference only of 82,449.

In a list of five hundred towns, that includes all such as contain above one thousand innhabitants, the general total amounts but to 5,405,119. Lavoisier estimated the cities and large towns, without including the cultivators of the land who may dwell therein, at eight millions, and the whole at twenty-five; yet, when the general population is roundly calculated at thirty-five millions, we find these cities and towns do not amount to five millions and a half!! It must be remembered, that it is not in France as in England, where the country is covered with farm-houses; but that, with some trifling exceptions, the population is disposed in villages, generally from two to three leagues distant from each other. If then five hundred of the principal towns contain but 5½ millions, it will be difficult to find the remainder of thirty-five millions in these widely-scattered villages of three, four, or five hundred inhabitants each. Indeed it is evident, that the thirty-five millions of our authors exist only on paper, where they will not even require black rye-bread, but which, were they in existence, must very shortly perish for want of sustenance on uncultivated and barren mountains.

According to the estimate of M. Necker, the total number of births for ten years, from 1771 to 1780 inclusive, amounted to 9,409,358; that of the deaths to 8,184,918, giving an increase of 1,224,440. But this very imperfect account takes no notice of the emigrations, armies in America, &c. all of which diminish materially the number of deaths in France. Indeed it is merely calculated to support this minister's popularity, in an erroneous display of the increasing population, and consequent wealth, of the country. Such have been the modes of taxation in France, that it has invariably been the interest of ministers and farmers-general to augment the actual number of souls, in order to make their impositions on each individual appear less considerable. This custom of estimating the pressure of taxes by dividing the net amount among the supposed number of inhabitants, and the apparently small contribution of each individual ostentatiously

displayed to deceive the vulgar; and lastly, the necessity of filling up the armies by requisitions and conscriptions, together with the national vanity of imaginary greatness, have contributed to swell the numbers of Frenchmen above one-third more than reality. These artful exaggerations, however, have had their effect; and stupid credulity has alarmed the world by the idea of a gigantic power, which has paralysed the sentiment of justice and humanity, and even shaken the confidence in the eventually just dispensations of Providence.

The most candid and accurate observers have allowed that Necker's statement of the population of France was exaggerated about one-fourth: and all parties agree in allowing that the revolution has cost the lives of three millions; but many, with much more appearance of truth, contend that above five millions have perished by various means during the revolutionary war. If this be the fact (and the proofs of it are innumerable), it follows that France, with all her conquests and boasts of incalculable legions, cannot now possess, in all her 108 departments, twenty-six millions of souls, nearly two-thirds of which are females. From a general acquaintance with the actual state of the departments of modern France, and much observation on the number of their inhabitants, we can safely give this rule, that by subtracting *one-third* from the *official* accounts, we shall approximate nearer to the true number than any other statement hitherto published. A slight inspection of the different *official* statements of the inhabitants of the larger cities, will be a sufficient proof of their wilful misrepresentations. Thus the population of Lyons has been officially estimated at from 160,000 down to 88,000; Marseilles from 130,000 to 90,000; and Bourdeaux from 150,000 to 78,000. The following is much nearer their actual number: Lyons 68,000; Marseilles 74,000*; and Bourdeaux 70,000. If such inconsistencies are practised in the enumeration of the inhabitants of large cities, what may not be expected in that of villages and small towns in the interior of the country, little known to strangers, and consequently more liable to every species of imposition? This has been carried to a degree that baffles censure in some of the south-eastern departments; where they have given to some communes a population of 1500 souls, which do not in fact contain above *thirty* poor cabins! We are obliged by want of time to defer the conclusion of this article to our next Appendix.

(To be continued.)

* Marseilles has lost above 5000 by emigration since the commencement of the present war.

RETROSPECT

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

ART. 16.—*Reflexions Philosophiques & Critiques, &c.*

Philosophical and Critical Reflections upon Crowns, Coronations, Titles, and Oaths. By Fred. W——. Translated from the German, with Notes by the Editor, and a Detail of the Ceremonial of Inauguration of Emperors and Kings. 12mo. Paris. 1804.

THE work from which these Reflections are extracted, is an octavo volume containing 463 pages, written in the German language, without the name either of the bookseller or the author. The style has been carefully attended to; it is frequently nervous, and more vigorous than the generality of German publications; and the author of this abridgment is in no respect inferior to his original.

The subjects described in this work are, crowns used in festivals; crowns bestowed for superiority of talents, of virtue, and of power: under this latter head the origin of Imperator, Princeps, Cæsar, and Emperor, is given with considerable accuracy. Then follow the oaths which are taken at the inauguration of emperors and kings, particularly of the kings of France. The volume concludes with an account of the coronation of the queens and empresses of that nation.

The policy of the ancients, which bestowed coronary honours on the victors in the Olympic and other public contests, is too well known to require any dissertation. The ivy wreath, however, is accounted the most ancient: Bacchus, after his conquest of the Indies, was the first whose temples were bound with a chaplet of this plant. From being the symbol of festivity, it afterwards became the badge of lovers. Did this arise from the ardour with which this plant embraces the tree around whose trunk it amorously entwines itself? or rather did it not originate from the recollection of the triumphs which Venus has owed more than once to Bacchanalian revelry? When the jolly god, says Athenæus, lib. 5, crowned Priapus, it was with a garland of ivy. Yet roses were more commonly the emblems of love. The Teian bard calls them the flower peculiar to the Loves; and when the god of wanton wiles dances with the Graces, his hair is ornamented with wreaths of roses.

Ῥοδα παις ὁ τῆς Κυθηρης
Στεφεται καλοις ἰωλοις
Χαριτεσσι συγχορευων.

Poets too claimed the wreath of ivy, which, from its perpetual verdure, was considered the emblem of immortality; and ancient Greece conferred the honorary reward of the palm, the laurel, &c. upon her philosophers, orators, and artists. Pythagoras, Demosthenes, Pindar, and Phidias, all received this testimony of national approbation. Beside the crowns which were given to men eminent for virtue, talents, or science, the Romans had no less than six military crowns: corona vallaris, muralis, navalis, civica, obsidionalis, and triumphalis. After the incursions of the barbarians, the fine arts were for a long time buried in the ruins of Rome, and poetry recovered her prerogative only in the age of Petrarch. Paris and Rome then vied with each other to crown the poet who had given new life to the Muses; but Petrarch wished to give a public proof that he merited that honour. After a contest and triumph of three days, before Robert king of Naples, the lover of Laura was crowned by the count d'Anguillara, and conducted in a pompous procession to Rome, where he suspended his garland in the arch of St. Peter's church. It was composed of laurel, and he was the first poet who obtained the appellation of laureat. His diploma is somewhat curious: for the amusement of our readers we shall extract it as given by the translator of this work, from the third volume of Petrarch's works. 'We, count and senator (says Anguillara) proclaim Francis Petrarch poet and historian; and as a special mark of his pre-eminence in poetry, we have with our own hands put a crown of laurel on his head; giving him, by the tenor of these presents, and by the authority of king Robert, of the senate, and of the people, the free and entire power of reading and interpreting ancient books, and of composing poems, which, by the assistance of God, shall descend to all posterity.'

In the church of St. Mary Overie, in this metropolis, may be seen a statue of Gower, a celebrated poet in the reign of Richard the Second, crowned with ivy and roses. Such a crown also was decreed to our illustrious Dryden. In France, the university having its degrees, poetry also wished to have hers. Such was the origin of Jeux Floraux, in which were admitted bachelors, licentiates, and doctors in poetry. The prizes were a violet of gold, an eglantine of silver, and a marigold of the same metal. These games were much in vogue in the ancient courts of love, such as were held by queen Bertha, Philip le Long, and the emperor Frederic, surnamed Barl a ossa.

Military talents, the affection of the soldiers for their general, the merit and glory of victory, have generally conferred the first rights to empire, which time and circumstances have in most families rendered hereditary. But it is no part of our plan to enter into a detail of the coronations of kings and emperors which have been since the world began; suffice it to say, that the work before us has no allusion to the late inauguration of Bonaparte, but simply gives an account of the ceremony used by the ancient kings of France.

ART. 17.—*Notice Historique, sur les Désastres de St. Domingue, &c.*

Account of the Calamities of St. Domingo, during the Years XI. and XII. By a French Officer, detained by Dessalines. Paris.

The object of this publication is, to exhibit the English government in the most disadvantageous colours. In the midst of peace they are represented as violating the most solemn conventions, by employing their navy to throw arms into the hands of the brigands, which have served only to assassinate the inhabitants: the officers are represented as having broken every article of capitulation entered into after the war had been declared, and of plundering the French and the negroes with equal avidity: yet amidst all this declamation the writer is fearful he should not gain much credit: 'I could recount (P. 19) many other traits of this nature; but notwithstanding their authenticity has been confirmed to me by the most respectable gentlemen, I do not think it right to disclose them, because I have not myself been an eye-witness of the facts.' This pamphlet may be compared to many of those publications which issue daily from the presses of this metropolis, replete with scurrility, but devoid of argument.

ART. 18.—*Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages du General d'Arçon.*

Memoir on the Life and Writings of General d'Arçon. By Gerard Chantrans. Paris.

D'Arçon was born at Pontarlier in 1733, and designed by his father for the ecclesiastical state, and with this view a canonry in the abbey of Montbenoit was procured for him. The youth, however, manifested so strong an aversion to this state, that in 1754 he was sent to the celebrated school at Mezieres, where he was qualified at the end of a year to become a common engineer. In 1761 he distinguished himself in this low rank at the siege of Cassel, and in 1774 he was employed by the French government in the mapping of mount Jura and the Wasgaw. In 1780 his ill success at Gibraltar made his name known to all Europe, and his tract, 'Memoire pour servir à l'Histoire du Siege de Gibraltar, par l'Auteur des Batteries Flottantes,' will be read by all military men who wish to see the progress of both sides on that memorable occasion. After this he was employed on the fortifications at Toulon; and at the beginning of the revolution he reconnoitred mount St. Bernard, with the view of discovering a passage through those defiles for the French troops into Italy. Suspicion, however, assailed him, and he retired to St. Germain to live in complete obscurity, from which he was withdrawn on the invasion of Holland to take a command as general of a division. The sieges of Breda and many other places gave him full employment, and in the years of terror of 1792 and 1793 he was frequently consulted by the committee of fortifications. During this time he wrote his celebrated work, 'Considerations militaires & politiques sur les Fortifications.' He was made a member of the national institute, and also of the conservative senate; but these honours

he did not long enjoy, as a bilious fever removed him from this world in the year viii, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

ART. 19.—*Abrégé de l'Histoire des Empéreurs, &c.*

Abridgment of the History of the Emperors who have reigned in Europe, from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon; comprising the History of the Roman, Greek, German, Turkish, and Russian Emperors. A classical Work, which may serve as a Sequel to M. Vertot's Revolutions of Rome. 12mo. Paris. 1804.

This is one of those small publications intended to encourage in youthful minds an ardour for historical reading. It is well calculated for that end, yet the author cannot forbear the comparison of Bonaparte and Charlemagne; he, however, is not so profuse in his encomiums as the writer of the Life of Charles the Great whom we have had occasion to notice in the former part of this Appendix.

ART. 20.—*Memoire sur les Sociétés d'Assurances, &c.*

Essay on Societies in Germany for Assurances against Damages caused by Fire, with the Plan of a Society of this Kind for the Department of La Roer. By S. C. L. Buch. 1804. Cleves.

The author, after enumerating the plans of various societies in Germany, proposes his own, which is, to place the society under the prefect of the department; and as he values the buildings in it at 161,694,000 livres, those of two thousand livres value are to pay 1 livre 23 centiemes; of ten thousand livres value, 12 livres 36 centiemes, and so on. An office is to be fixed in the department, and a small payment on entrance into the society is to procure fire-engines and other requisites for the extinction of fire.

ART. 21.—*Recueil des Pieces et Actes, &c.* 1804. 8vo. Paris.

Collection of the official Acts relative to the Establishment of the hereditary Imperial Government. Printed by order of the Senate. 8vo. 1804. Paris.

The title of this work, and the authority under which it is printed, sufficiently declare it contents, which, as they comprehend all the official acts relative to the settlement of the throne on Bonaparte and his heirs, form a very interesting collection of state papers.

ART. 22.—*Edmont & Cecile, ou Le nouveau Werther.*

Edmund and Cecilia: or, the New Werter. By P. P. V. 1805. Paris.

The editor of these letters has thought it his duty to advertise his readers, that the characters here delineated are not indebted to fiction for their origin, but have had an existence in reality.

'The names of Edmund and Cecilia,' says he, 'are celebrated in the places which they have filled with the fame of their loves. Their families held a distinguished rank in their province before the revolution. By the assistance of persons with whom the par-

ties were intimately acquainted, I have been enabled to present to the public a part of their correspodence.'

This statement may or may not be true. Confined as we have been to the precincts of London, we are unable to decide upon the authenticity of the amatory parle which passed between these two lovers, so far, we mean, as locality is concerned. Suffice it for us to mention, that we experienced much pleasure in the perusal of these volumes, which are written in that style of naiveté and elegance which characterize the greater part of the epistolary correspondence of the French nation.

ART. 23.—*Les Dix-sept Marriages, ou La Colonie du Bonheur, &c. The Seventeen Marriages, or the Colony of Happiness. By M. Labenette. 2 vols. 12mo.* Paris. 1805.

Seventeen marriages! We could not conceive from what miracle of romance so strange a title could have originated; but after perusing the first volume, and two hundred and twenty-eight pages of the second, one of the amorous heroes of this novel, who is on the point of marriage, thus writes to Madame la Presidente d'Alfax, and explains the mysterious phrase: 'I had however taken care to conceal the principal object, which was intended to excite the utmost tenderness and surprise; but I could not prevent these two friends' (who were both going to his house for the purpose of being married) 'from seeing, as they passed through the cercle de Bonheur a quarter of an hour before their arrival at my house, fifteen small cottages, all built with the strictest uniformity, and destined for fifteen couple of lovers, whom I wished to render happy on the very day I completed my own!!!' This is, in good truth, sentimental enough! but monsieur Labenette thinks his work very interesting, and imagines he sees the minds, or rather the eyes, of his readers, very sensibly affected. For our own parts, we acknowledge that we had no occasion to take out our pocket-handkerchief; as this is the case, our word is not to be credited, and the author leaves "to the sensible and the delicate the task of defending him against 'la sécheresse & la froideur de ceux qui n' ont point d'ame." We take our leave of him with many thanks for having eased us of this task, which would be no easy one.

ART. 24.—*Rienzi: Tragedie en cinque Actes & en Vers, &c.*

Rienzi: A Tragedy in 5 Acts, and in Verse. By Joseph Francis Laignelot. Paris. 1804.

The person from whom this tragedy has received its title, made no inconsiderable figure in the history of Italy during the middle of the fourteenth century.

Nicolas Laurentio, commonly known by the name of Cola de Rienzi, was one of those extraordinary men whom fortune in her

capricious mood delights to elevate from obscurity, only to enjoy their fall:

'tolluntur in altum,
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.'

His father kept a petty tavern, and his mother was a laundress. The attachment to literary pursuits, for which the son had early evinced a great predilection, added to the natural force of his genius, procured him the admiration of his cotemporaries. Among other pursuits, he devoted himself to the study of eloquence; he learned to recite the finest passages in Cicero, in Livy, in Cæsar, in Valerius Maximus, and Seneca. He was much attached to ancient inscriptions, and was very expert in decyphering them. The commissaries of Rome having deputed him on an embassy to pope Clement VI. who resided at Avignon, his eloquence was so great, as to gain him the esteem and affection of the pontiff, and the applause of the whole court. This inspired him with the resolution of declaiming against the grandees of Rome, whose conduct to the citizens was in the highest degree oppressive and intolerable. On his return he was still more incensed against these petty tyrants, and never ceased to vent his indignation against them in the capitol, and in several of the most popular churches. The corrupt administration of justice was his continual theme. Those whose interest it was to have interfered, thought he was only in jest, especially as they observed his harangues were marked by a degree of uncommon pleasantry and humour, and that he threatened some of their own body with the severest punishment. They imagined his extravagances rendered him incapable of committing any excesses; but they were mistaken. Availing himself of the absence of Stephen Colonna, the governor of Rome, who had gone from that city with a party of soldiers to procure provisions, he called an assembly of the people, addressed them in an harangue suited to the occasion, enacted laws, expelled all the nobility from the city, took upon himself the functions of judicature, and declared himself 'tribune, the severe though merciful deliverer of Rome, the zealous assertor of the liberties of Italy, and the lover of all mankind.' The exiled faction were incapable of making any resistance, from want of unanimity among themselves: thus he disposed of things according to his fancy, and saw himself the chief of a new Roman republic, in the name of which he addressed himself to other states, to the emperor, and even to the pope. He received ambassadors from several princes and republics, and had the hardihood to summon the pope to reside at Rome with the college of cardinals. He was so fortunate in the war which he maintained against the faction of nobles, that he entirely annihilated it in a short time. But afterwards he became like the generality of those who elevate themselves under the specious pretext of liberty: it is not the tyranny which they hate, but the tyrants; impatient of control, they are disgusted that any other than themselves should exercise the supreme power. This was the case with Rienzi; he him-

self became a tyrant; and as he attempted to imitate the Gracchi, he met the same fate, being murdered by the patrician faction.

From the history of this man, M. Laignelot has composed the present tragedy, which is by no means uninteresting, nor destitute of poetic merit; yet in some parts it is very tame, and, like the generality of French verse, if the words be transposed, not to be distinguished from mere prose. Such, however, as it is, the French government thought it worthy of notice; and as a testimony of their approbation, generously confined the editor in a dungeon.

ART. 25.—*La Gastronomie, ou L'Homme des Champs à Table, &c. Gastronomy. A didactic Poem, in four Cantos. By J. B. Third Edition, augmented by a number of Fugitive Pieces of the same Author.* 1805. Paris.

This is a very entertaining production, written with much humour, and a considerable degree of satire. It has gone through three editions in Paris, which is no small proof its merit. Our readers may form an idea of this author's talents for the ridiculous by a perusal of the 'Poet's Evening Prayer,' prefixed to the poem.

'O God, I am so feeble, so lean, and so miserable a creature, that I scarcely dare address my petitions to thee, though strictly commanded by my religion so to do. It is with difficulty I persuade myself, that from the height of thy eternal abode, thou wilt deign to listen to my slender voice, or, in the midst of worlds which surround thee, pay the least attention to a being who is only five feet one inch in height; yet in the pride of my heart I sometimes flatter myself that thou hast bestowed some attention upon me, especially as I am numbered in the ranks of men who "speak the language of the gods," since by this name poetry is called, which in truth is a sublime language, because we employ in it very sonorous words and uncommon phraseology. But on the other hand, when I reflect that in the multitude of beings who have sojourned upon this earth, thou hast paid but little regard to my fellow-labourers Hesiod, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Boileau, Corneille, and Racine, who have spoken the language in question a hundred times better than myself, I sink into confusion and humility. But, if in thy infinite greatness thou deignest to interest thyself for me, who am but as nothing, deprive me not of a certain portion of common sense, though it is not very necessary for the profession in which I am engaged. Grant me such facility in writing, that I may not be obliged to hunt night and day for rhymes, without being able to find one that is tolerably good, which often makes me more miserable than if I worked in the mines, or were a negro in a sugar plantation. Grant me from time to time a good supply of new subjects, that I may not tread in the paths of those who have gone before me. Give me patience to support the criticism of the wise and of the foolish; nor let me be puffed up with pride, or burst my skin, on the least triumph. I am now going to bed;

but first ask pardon for having done nothing during the whole day but make a score of Alexandrine verses, which I have repeated to every soul I met; which wearied them not a little. Would that I had a more profitable occupation! but I am sensible I can never renounce the little talent I possess, which is a species of disorder absolutely incurable. Damn me not for that, I entreat thee, no more than my dear brethren the votaries of Apollo, who indeed suffer purgatory in this lower world, from the pains and inquietudes which they endure in the streets of Paris, in order to attain immortality. Grant to them as well as to me wherewithal to live pleasantly on the earth, where we are almost all loaded with debts, are ill lodged, ill clothed, vagrants and vagabonds like our chief, the divine Homer, who was blind all his life. Pardon me, though I have committed a thousand fooleries during the day, in emphatically speaking on virtue, wisdom, humanity, benevolence, greatness of soul, and other fine things, of which I make little other use than as rhymes. Remove from me every sentiment of jealousy; and lead me not into the temptation of leaping over the heads of my fellow-poets, who inhabit the summit of Parnassus, or of making satires, which will oblige me to march sword in hand in the republic of letters. Grant me a sound sleep, and prevent me from continually raving, as I do, on the nine damsels, the three Graces, on Venus, Cupid, Minerva, Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Hebe, Ganymede, Diana, Pan, the Dryads, and Hamadryads, on the Fauns, the Sylvans, the Zephyrs, Aurora, the siege of Troy, Scamander, on Greeks, on Romans—of all which I am obliged to speak from time to time in my poetic effusions. Turn me aside from all false gods; since, when I do not rave, I believe on thee alone, and rely upon thy assistance for immortality.'

ART. 26.—*Les Constitutions de l'Empire Francais, &c.*

The Constitutions of the French Empire: being an Account of all the Revolutions and Changes of Government from the Commencement of the Monarchy to the present time. 1805. Paris.

This little work is a very good compilation; and contains much useful information on the present constitution of France.

ART. 27.—*Le Sacre et le Couronnement de Napoléon Premiere, &c.*

The Consecration and Coronation of Napoléon the First, Emperor of France, with an Account of the Ceremonies, Fêtes, and Rejoicings which have taken place on this Occasion; to which is added, an Account of the English Conspiracy, of the different Journies of his S. M. to the several Departments of the Empire, with some Anecdotes and particular Traits relative thereunto. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* Paris. 1805.

The knowledge to be acquired by the perusal of these two volumes which form the sequel of the life of the usurper of France, may be gained by consulting the old newspapers of the last twelve or thirteen months!!

GERMANY.

ART. 28.—*Uber national industrie und Staatswirthschaft, &c.*

On national Industry and Oeconomy: founded on the Principles of A. Smith. Berlin. 1805.

The principles of Adam Smith are much too servilely copied; and the author excels chiefly in the numerous instances he produces in support of his arguments. What particularly concerns Great Britain, and various digressions in Smith's work, pass in this properly unnoticed. It is laboured particularly in this work to shew that a government oversteps its end when it attempts by positive methods to insure the happiness of its subjects. Morality is the destined object, and this can flourish only in the bosom of liberty. Liberty is annihilated at the instant one man is to form the plan for another's happiness, and when actions which do no injury to the right of any man become dependent upon another's judgment. General happiness cannot be produced by the power of the state; and numerous instances are produced of the mistakes of sovereigns who, under the misconceived notion of producing happiness, introduced only misery and confusion. Hence to call a sovereign the father of his country is a great impropriety, and is always a fearful presage of approaching slavery. Who knows what a despot may choose to call the happiness of his subjects, or in what manner this father will act for the happiness of his children? Slavery is then painted in its most horrid colours, and the author's zeal leads him to forget that we should object to his general system, that actions are not to be punished which do no injury to the right of any man. We do not wish to see expunged from our statute-book the punishment for some odious crimes which are not to be named without absolute necessity.

ART. 29.—*Darstellung der Grosse der Missethapen, &c.*

An Exposition of the Enormity of those Offences which in the new Statute-Book are punishable with Death. By G. I. Wenzel. 8vo. Leipzig.

When the new criminal code appeared in the Austrian states, it was particularly addressed to the ministers of religion, public and private teachers, heads of families, and magistrates. The author upon this has formed his work, and in a very judicious manner has interwoven a variety of remarks by which the minds of the lower classes may be impressed with the enormity of the crimes which end in so fatal a sentence as death. The motives by which they are gradually led on to commit such crimes, and the means to defend themselves from the temptation when it falls in their way, are points not sufficiently enlarged upon; but still it is a useful work, and to guard against the commission of crime is much better than the severity of punishment.

ART. 30.—*Versuch einer systematischen Encyklopædie der Bergwerks wissenshaften.* 8vo.

Attempt at an Encyclopædia for the Science of Mining. By Ernest Lehmann. 8vo. *Fryberg.* 1805.

The intention of this work is to give a systematical arrangement of the necessary articles to be studied by him who wishes to apply himself to the study of mining. The attempt deserves credit, and with great propriety much use is made in the introduction of Krug's Encyclopædia of Sciences. The system of mining here laid down is divided into three parts: the first considers the preparatory knowledge necessary for a miner; the second, the art of mining; and the third, the sciences that are of assistance to the miner. In the first, the mathematics and natural history are treated of rather too diffusely. In the second, directions are given with respect to the situation of mines, the mode of boring, the nature of machines to be employed, and similar circumstances. In the third part the miners' rights, the history of mines, the œconomical mode of treating them, the art of investigating and preparing models, are examined. On each of these articles is a concise explanation and review, which will be found satisfactory to the amateurs of the mining art: and the chief works that have treated on these subjects are introduced to the acquaintance of the reader. We find in one place, that the German translation of Rinman's Lexicon, which has been so many years announced, and has lately been revised by Crusius, will soon make its appearance at Leipzig.

ART. 31.—*Mahlerische darstellungen der Sitten Getrâuche, &c.*

Picturesque Representations of the Manners, Customs, and Amusements of the Russians, Tatars, Monguls, and other Nations of the Russian Empire. With Forty coloured Plates. By J. G. Geissler. 8vo. Leipzig. 1805.

The author accompanied Pallas as an artist on his last journey to the southern departments; and the productions of his art which he has here presented to the public, manifest both his talents and industry. The work is an excellent supplement to Pallas's Travels; and at a time when Russia makes so considerable a figure in the political world, cannot but excite attention, and reward the artist for his labour.

ART. 32.—*Deutschland oder der reisende Kaufman.*

The Tradesman's Travels in Germany, Silesia, and Bohemia. By J. H. Meynier. 1805.

This is an instructive and amusing work, describing a game to be played, which brings to the recollection of the players all the remarkable objects that occur in a journey through Germany. A tradesman relates his travels, and at the end, questions are introduced on the most important circumstances that have occurred in his narration. There cannot be a doubt of the utility of such a game for young persons, if they can be brought, which is not often the case, to be interested in it; and this is particularly

to be recommended to those who wish for a knowledge of the trade of Germany.

ART. 33.—*Die wichtigsten Kunstprodwele der fabriken & manufacturen vorzuglich in Europa, von J. C. Moller.* 8vo. Hamburg.

The most important Productions of the Workshop and Manufactures, particularly in Europe. A Manual for Instructors of Youth in Technology and Geography.

This is a very useful publication. The author has collected with great industry a variety of materials from the many very costly works on the same subject. The objects are arranged according to the kingdoms of nature to which they respectively belong. On each production is given the art of cultivating and manufacturing it, and then the various places are mentioned where it is produced or manufactured to the best advantage. Thus the article gold is treated of under the following heads: The obtaining of it from the mines: its natural qualities: the places whence it is procured: the uses of gold, particularly in coinage: manufactures of gold, as by goldsmiths, goldbeaters, gold-wire drawers. Every part is treated concisely, but sufficiently at large for instruction. Some articles, as may be expected in such a work, are omitted; but this can scarcely be said to detract materially from the utility of a work which will be found very useful in the early part of education.

ART. 34.—*Reise uber den Sund, &c.*

Travels to the Sound. Tübingen. 1804.

These Travels are not of great extent, but comprehend many statistical details of importance. The account of Bernstorff and his nephew, and of the property near Copenhagen settled by the king on this family, contains many curious particulars; and the history of the extinction of servitude which does this family so much honour, is particularly worthy of attention. Estates that used to be sold at four or five hundred rix-dollars, have risen to ten thousand; and on many of these estates, which have come into the hands of citizens of Copenhagen, very considerable improvements have been made. For a property of this kind twenty thousand rix-dollars were lately asked, and eighteen thousand bid for it: and in fact Denmark, by the new ordinance, seems to be a new creation. All are in action; the labour is infinitely more productive; and the peasantry are approaching fast to the old state of English yeomanry.

ART. 35.—*Antangs grunde der unbestimmtrn Analytik, &c.*

Principles of Unlimited Equations, for the Use of those who have no Instructor. By D. J. C. L. Hellwig. Jena.

This part of the mathematics is one of the most interesting, but it is much less cultivated than from its importance it deserves. More would perhaps apply themselves to this branch of know-

ledge, if its merits were more extensively known, and if the prejudices against it from obscurity and imagined difficulties were removed. The unlimited analysis, which it is the intention of this writer to explain in an easy manner, is a part only of the higher arithmetic, or rather a practical application of it to the solution of unlimited equations, by whole or at least rational numbers. The principles of the art depend on the arithmetical theory of the functions of two or more variable quantities, provided they can be expressed in whole or rational values. From the great improvement made in later times in the higher arithmetic, the solution of unlimited equations is brought to a considerable degree of perfection: but it was not the object of this writer to enter far into this subject; he wished only to introduce the student to the easier processes, and he has so well succeeded, that with a very slight degree of attention, every difficulty will be overcome by a novice at first in the art; and on finishing the work he will be qualified to enter upon the most abstruse enquiries. The work is divided into two parts: the first containing equations of one, the other of two dimensions; and the instances, taken chiefly from Euler, are numerous and well calculated for a young beginner.

ITALY.

ART. 36.—*Porta Foglio Militare, &c.*

Military Port-folio: under the Patronage of the Government of the Italian Republic. Milan. 1805.

This is a monthly publication on an excellent plan, but most miserably executed. The intention is to introduce, even into the lower classes of the army, knowledge and instruction. The table of contents will shew what the work would lead us to expect; but every part is so negligently performed, that the Italian army is not likely to receive much benefit from the production. 1. On patriotism. 2. Instruction and knowledge necessary for a soldier. 3. Patience a quality requisite in an officer exercising a recruit. 4. The duty of a common soldier. 5. Brief instructions for subalterns in the light troops. 6. Life of Montecuculli. 7. The duty of an adjutant. 8. Thoughts on the tactics of infantry and cavalry. 9. Definition of the word soldier, with a muster-roll and dedication to officers. 10. Proper bits for soldiers horses. 11. General Schaumburg's instructions for the French infantry.

ERRATA in our last Number.

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